

Aug. 17, 1963

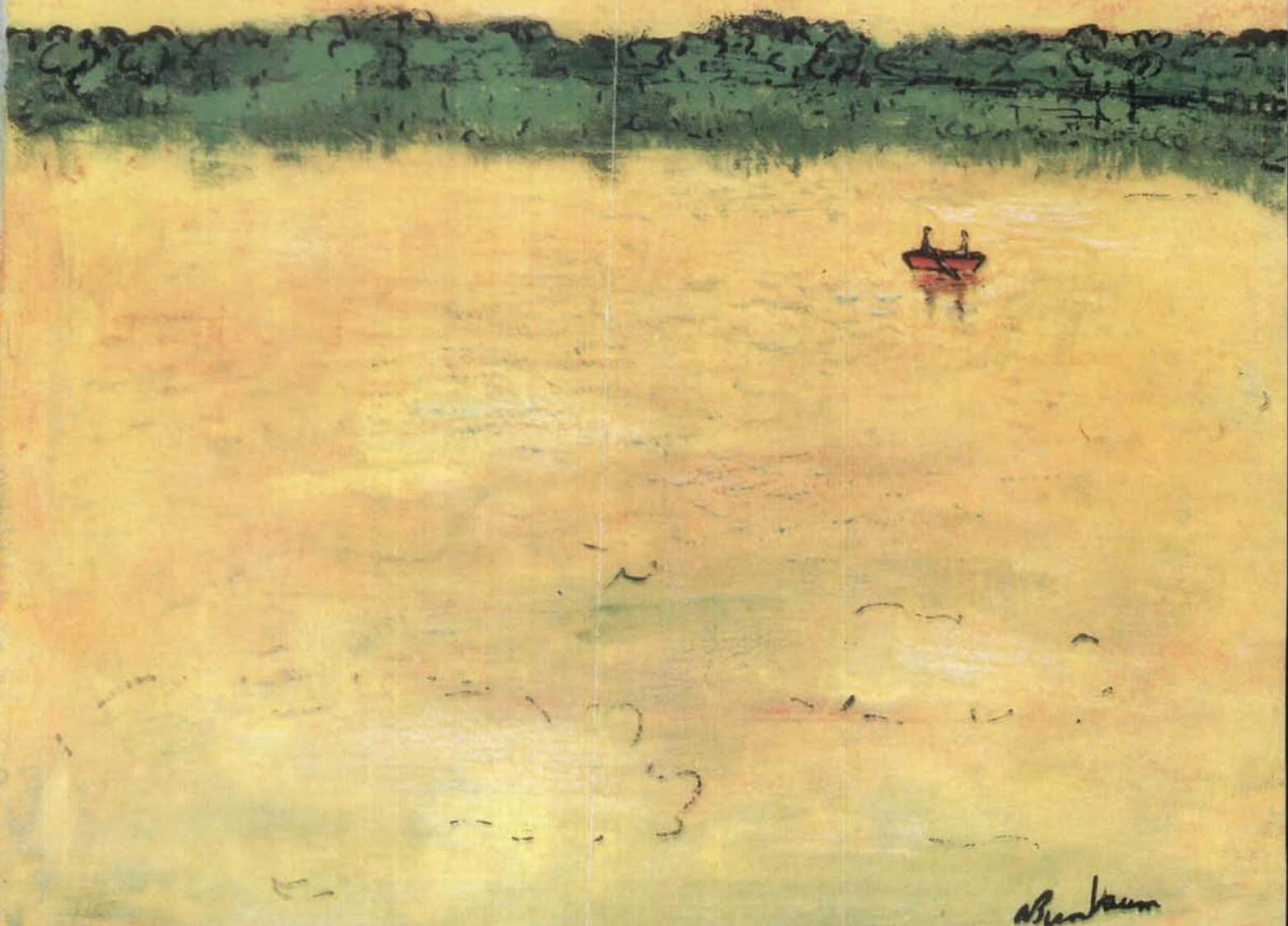
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ENTER LAUGHING—A funny show by Joseph Stein, who adapted his play from a novel by Carl Reiner. It concerns itself mostly with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor, despite his parents' determination to make a druggist out of him. Alan Arkin is very comical as the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles contribute further gaiety to the affair. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEVER TOO LATE—A jolly comedy by Sumner Arthur Long that has to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. (His other child is now a married woman.) Paul Ford is delightful as this disturbed character, and Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon, portraying his son-in-law, wife, and daughter, are all excellent. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—BEYOND THE FRINGE: Various aspects of modern life surveyed by a quartet of Englishmen—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)... **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Biff McGuire, Patricia Smith, and Michael Evans are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?** Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Nancy Kelly, Shepperd Strudwick, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinees it is Elaine Stritch, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. Barbara Dana and Ken Kercheval will replace Miss Oliver and Mr. Piazza for two weeks starting Monday, Aug. 10. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

OLIVER!—A loose-jointed adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" that eliminates most of the misery the novel is built on and settles instead on an assortment of production numbers, some of which are quite effective. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, who plays Fagin; Georgia Brown, who plays Bill Sikes's doxy; Paul O'Keefe, who plays Oliver; and David Jones, who plays the Artful Dodger. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SHE LOVES ME—An old-fashioned romantic comedy about a small shop in Hungary, back in the thirties. The songs are by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the dances by Carol Haney, and the book, an adaptation of a play by Miklos Laszlo, is by Joe Masteroff. All these contributors have done well enough, but it is the performance, under the direction of Harold Prince, that really sets the mood—light and gently mocking—of the show. With Barbara Cook, Jack Cassidy, Barbara Baxley, and Daniel Massey. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

TOVARICH—No memorable songs, no original dances, and no particularly witty patter distinguish this musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy—vintage



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

early thirties—about lovers, Red and White, of old Mother Russia. But Vivien Leigh gives a fine performance as a grand duchess to the palace born. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM: Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a play based on the works of Plautus. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** Pantomime and other such diversions supplied by Anthony Newley in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

THE AMERICAN DREAM and **THE ZOO STORY**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tues-

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THE NEW YORKER

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days through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 15-16: "The Gondoliers."... Saturday matinee and evening, Aug. 17: "Patience."... Sunday matinee and evening, Aug. 18, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Aug. 20-21: "Ruddigore."... Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 22-23: "Patience."... Saturday matinee and evening, Aug. 24: "The Mikado." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinees at 4.)

BEST FOOT FORWARD—A revival of the 1941 musical about a movie actress who comes to a prep-school dance. The songs still sound fine, and the attractive young cast makes up in breeziness what it lacks in professional finesse. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:40. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1.)

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—A thoroughly satisfying revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. The book, an adaptation of "The Comedy of Errors," gets a bit tiresome, but who cares? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BRECHT ON BRECHT—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday, at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinee Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 18.)

THE BRIG—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a U.S. Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

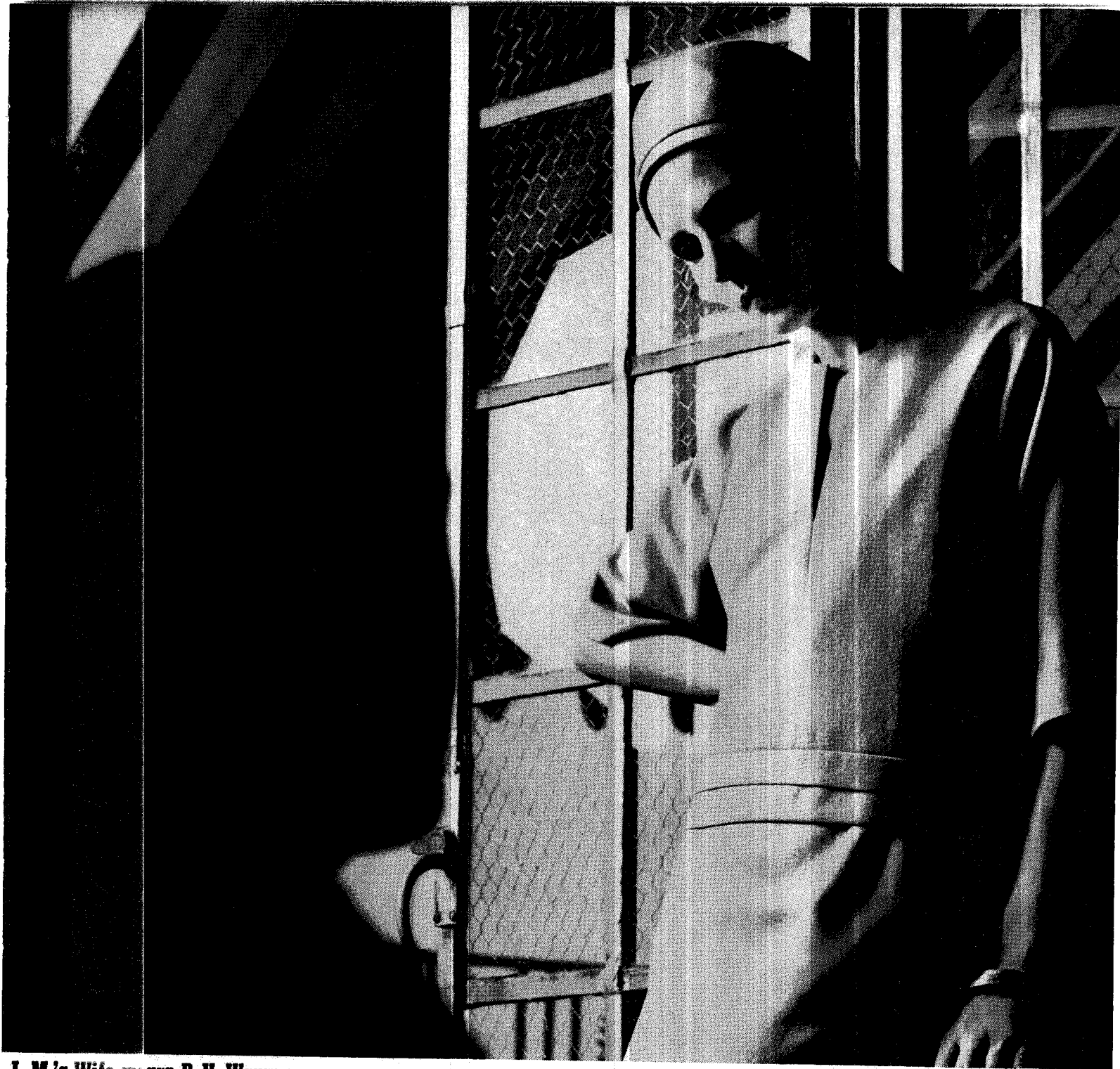
CAGES—Two one-acters with Mercedes McCambridge and Jack Warden. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Betty Miller plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsy is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE PINTER PLAYS—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40,

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L.M.'s Wife wears B.H. Wragge Famed fashion photographer Sokolsky did this perceptive photographic study of L.M.'s wife. Said, "This woman has the chic everybody talks about but almost nobody has. Why, even the way she ties a scarf is a work of art." Above: L.M.'s wife looking superb in a fez hat and two-piece wool flannel ensemble. 70.00. Below left: She relaxes in a relaxed jacket and dress of lightest textured wool with silk ascot scarf. 155.00. Below right: A view of her opulent three-piece velveteen costume that comes in raspberry with a pink silk shirt or beaver with moonstone. 95.00. L.M.'s wife expresses her own personality in unclich   clothes from the unclich   collection by B. H. Wragge. You can, too. See them at Bonwit Teller, all stores; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Rich's, Atlanta; Montaldo's stores; Harold, Inc., Minneapolis. 6 to 16 sizes. **B. H. Wragge**



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

RIVERWIND—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR—A brisk and buoyant production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinéés Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of "The Winter's Tale," with Salome Jens and Mitchell Ryan. The final production of the season. (Lelacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 31.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN—With his dance company. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 8:30.)

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by Fritz Weaver, Robert Clary, and Elaine Malbin. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 1. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Saturday, Aug. 17, is the night when the standard-gauge songs of Betty Madigan and the overwrought piano of Carmen Cavallaro cease their din in the Royal Box; Monday, Aug. 19, is the night when Phyllis Diller, a most uncommon scold, begins her autobiographical account of Doomsday. Dinner and supper are the occasions; there's dance music, too, whenever opportunity offers. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A by no means secret society for the preservation of what used to be called society. The music to go with it comes from the orchestra of Freddie Jagels, who thoroughly understands the medium, and Freddy Alonso's rumba band. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's little band is for sedate dancing, and Renato Rossini's guitar is for more impassioned dreaming about the Côte d'Azur. Mondays, another band is the entire show.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Dorothy Sarnoff, still reminiscing about those Rodgers-and-Hammerstein days when she almost got to be queen of Siam, ends her more than usually lively department-of-state song recital in the Persian Room on Saturday,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Aug. 17. Monday, Aug. 19, brings along Enzo Stuarti, a dead-in-earnest but terribly cheerful specialist in Italianate bal-ladry. Once a night is the rule for the singers, except on Fridays and Saturdays, when twice is the rule; all evening long is the rule for Milt Shaw's animated orchestra and Mark Monte's light artillery. Closed Sundays.... **Leo LeFleur's** piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. Mondays are silent, and the Palm Court is closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This picturesque castle in the air is in its customary rosy state of mind. Charles Turecamo's band, of the Long Island summer set, and Walter Kay's group, an old St. Regis retainer, do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—There are occasional signs of night life in Peacock Alley, mostly when Cass Harrison's trio turns out dance tunes, which happens between nine and one every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The rest of the week, except for Sunday, Mr. H. broods over his piano all by himself, from five to eight.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A free-associational setup (everyone knows everyone) for all ages. Its summer schedule calls for classes Monday through Thursday every week. The *padrone* is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening, and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is on deck all evening, too, and Sam Hamilton patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight, before popping off to Downstairs at the Upstairs.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini and the fast company he kept—Pinkerton, Cio-Cio-San, Rodolfo, Mimi—recalling in idyllic arias their petty misdemeanors. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a junior-size dance band. Closed Mondays.... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king who would rather play castle than play house. The king's summertime minstrel, Paul Gurevich (his instrument of choice is the violin), will be succeeded, on Monday, Aug. 19, by Norbert Faconi, dean of the holiday-with-strings performers. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He stays home Sundays.... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the executive suite of the

Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A Latin Olympics in miniature takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays.... **WAYERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 70th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the refectory tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand-manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. No music Sundays.... **MEDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a mood so calm that you can easily pick out the fish you want for dinner. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, who is prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. Saturdays are his vacations.... **Café RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reestablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one. No music Mondays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening, to look at or sing along with the jazz threesome at one end of the pavilion, or just to table-hop. Sundays, a pianist is the entire orchestra.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, the most recent of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A real revivalist meeting will begin on Wednesday, Aug. 19, when Harry Richman, who has been playing Mme. Tussaud's for some time now, reappears on earth, presumably with walking stick, tails, and ballads, as before. As before, too, he'll be smothered in young ladies of Ziegfeld standards. Until then, the young ladies will just keep on smothering the exemplary ballet interludes of François Szony and Nancy Claire, convincing proofs that the human body is lighter than air; the sleight-of-hand activities of Dominique, the Jimmy Valentine of pickpockets; and the barkings of a conformist humorist. The humorist is the only character who'll be replaced by Mr. Richman. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," a revue that can (and often does) serve as copybook for other entrepreneurs, spares no rods, spoils no points, plays no favorites—even to show. The troupers—Jane Connell, Gerry Matthews, Gordon Connell, Rex Robbins, Carol Morley, and Susan Browning—are all first-rate. The music is lyric, the choreography is action precisely suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of William Roy and Robert Colston; the hours are nine and midnight. In the plush cloister alongside, there is further piano, by Carl Norman. Closed Sundays.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "To the Water Tower," the current emotional outlet of the Second City players, is a revue with incidental music by Tom O'Horgan's harp. Some of the sketches are old friends, and some (among them a playlet that is Kafka with—if that can be





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 Third Floor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

imagined—a funnybone in his teeth) are sure to become new ones. Andrew Duncan, Barbara Harris, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, and MacIntyre Dixon are the laudable amusers. The enterprise starts around eight-thirty and eleven during the week, additionally after midnight on Saturdays, and only at eight-thirty on Sundays; Mondays are the rest periods. . . . **THE PREMISE**, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Many a true word is being said—and not always in jest, either—by the five-strong cast of a revue that's sometimes informal to the point of formlessness but is always intent upon its theme—live-and-let-live has got to be the American way of life. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The prevailing winds are southerly, and they have blown Pedro Vargas in from Mexico to demonstrate that love sounds simply grand when it's described in a resonant voice and Latin lyrics. His companions are Los Duen-dos Gitanos, who foot flamenco just about as fealty as it can be done. They all appear at dinner and supper, leaving plenty of time for the customers to get on the floor and prance for themselves. Sundays, there's also a tea dance, which runs (and rampantly, too) until all hours. Emilio Reyes' band is the perfect stimulant for all this. . . . After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the after-dark life of Iberia. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Money," a small musical comedy, tongue in cheek and thumb to nose, is having fun with the boy-meets-girl plot and other Americana. The very meetable girl is Barbara Quaney; the boys are David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The authors of the wry whimsy are Tom Whedon and David Axlerod; the composer is Sam Pottle; the director is the mordant Ronny Graham. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight; closed Sundays. . . . In the **DOWNSTAIRS**, Mabel Mercer's advice to all hands (wear your heart on your sleeve) is being distributed after ten-thirty in the best of all possible lyrics and in her celebrated bittersweet fashion. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE**, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): "The World of Kurt Weill in Song," a revival of the deserving musicologist's important American phase, as well as of his Bertolt Brecht phase, is done disarmingly (a solitary piano is the entire background) and to perfection by Will Holt and Martha Schlamme. This worthy project occurs Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Dave Van Ronk and his Ragtime Jug Stompers are on a low-budget (whiskey jugs, washboards, washtubbs, and kazoos are prominent in their equipment) diet; Clark Terry, who's been in the business much longer than the Van Ronks, runs a real taut quintet that gets just as unorthodox sounds out of completely orthodox instruments, and a great deal more life. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Just Fridays and Saturdays is the midsummer work week here. The personnel: Carmen McRae, crying herself a river or two over the inconstancy of love; Herbie

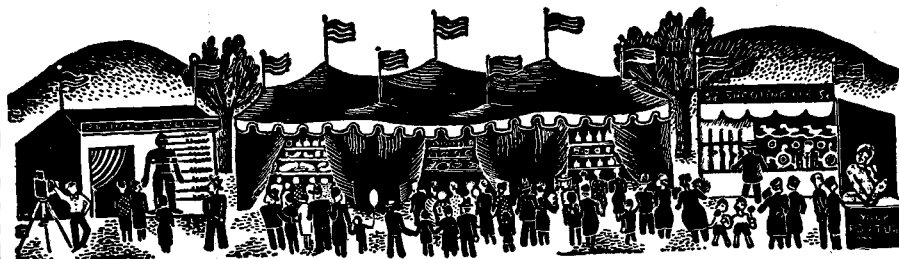
Mann's sextet, sometimes in the canebrakes and sometimes in just plain cornfields; Ahmad Jamal's threesome, taking a diffident view of the new modes in music. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): It's early for harvest moons, but a bumper crop has already been gleaned here; to wit, the quartet of Coleman Hawkins, one of Nature's noblemen; the antic songs of Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan; and the forsaking-all-others art forms induced by Charlie Mingus and his quintet. The Minguses show up only on Thursday, Aug. 15, and every Friday and Saturday, and all hands lay off Mondays, which are visitors' nights. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Hails in this estimable coffeehouse are sometimes instantaneously followed by farewells, but—at a guess—you'll now get (along with your lemon peel) Leon Bibb, a purposeful voice that has got around to believing that Gershwin, too, was an American folk musician. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Catalysis and cataclysm are the basic ingredients. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Woody Herman's Herd begins its anvil chorus. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A change of heart, not unusual around here, has resulted in the holding over, through Wednesday, Aug. 21, of the fivesome of Dizzy Gillespie, who believes in modern music but refuses to be overweeningly solemn about it. Ramsey Lewis's trio will also stick around just as long. Next evening, Gerry Mulligan's lead-from-strength big band makes its belated arrival, to be joined by the slam-bang band of Art Blakey. Visitors' days are Mondays, when the regulars are at rest. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Ben Webster, one of the last but hardly the least of the Mohicans, is blowing away for old times' sake at the head of a quartet. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Variations on a theme—the one that goes "Subject to Change, etc."—are often performed by the management, not the cast, of this academy for the study of modern influences on music. Thelonious Monk, whose chords keep his piano continually off balance, is presumably still running a quartet as often as he remembers to show up. Mondays are for visiting artists. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the callooh-cally that goes with it. Tyree Glenn's quartet is oil-on-troubled-waters during the dining hours, a bit more extrovert later on. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The town's most recent trio belongs to Howard Reynolds, and it's contemporaneous, without a single over-the-shoulder glance at *les temps perdus*. Monday is its night of rest. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street bakery, now transplanted, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined Fridays and Saturdays by Danny Barker's trio. No music on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Leonard DeLonga, Robert Laurent, Tom Hardy, and Humbert Albrizio; through Sept. 6. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E.



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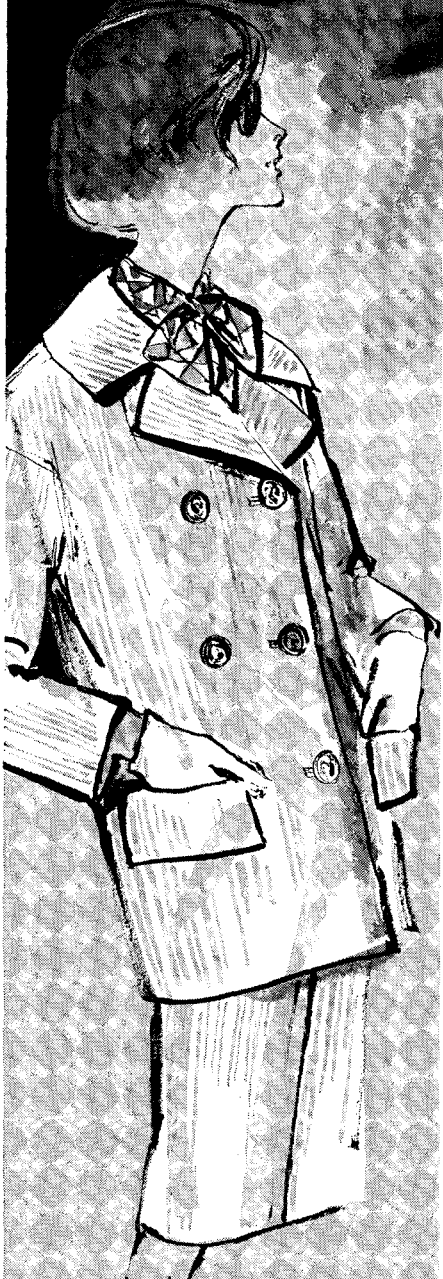
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

57th St.: Paintings by such artists as William Palmer, Siegfried Reinhardt, and Jason Schoener; through Aug. 30. . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Participants in a showing of drawings and water colors include August Mosca, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and Raphael Soyer; through Aug. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a display of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Aug. 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: A showing of paintings and sculptures lent by Mr. and Mrs. Allan Emil. The paintings range from Monet to Marin and the sculptures from Cycladic pieces to Chadwick. Through Aug. 30. . . **GALLERY 63**, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by the gallery artists, including Fausto Pirandello, Stefano Cusumano, and Philip Evergood; through Aug. 30. . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Will Barnett, Tadé, Joseph Konzal, and other painters and sculptors; through Sept. 13. . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and Bernard Reder; through Sept. 21.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BIANCHINI**, 16 E. 78th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by André François, Gérard Koch, and Ronald Searle (to name a few); through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **FINDLAY**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils by Roger Mühl, Maurice Brianchon, Gabriel Godard, and other School of Paris artists; through Aug. 30. . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by leading exponents of figurative art in France, among them Bernard Buffet, Bernard Lorrain, and Paul Belmondo; through Aug. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, composed chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures by Renoir, Monet, van Gogh, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8. . . **"Americans 1963"**, a fifteen-artist exhibit of paintings and sculptures. Among those represented are David Simpson, Chryssa, and Michael Lekakis. Through Sunday, Aug. 18. . . **Recently acquired drawings by forty-six American and European artists, including Henry Moore, Jules Pascin, and Henri Matisse; through Sept. 29. . . "Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain (1880-1954); through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 7.)**

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings by eleven Spanish Old Masters—El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, for example—from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. . . **Prints and drawings (1948-63) by John Paul Jones; through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)**

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Contemporary Japanese calligraphy; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico,

the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Twenty-six American Artists from the Collections of the Whitney Museum and Its Friends," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Charles Burchfield, Jackson Pollock, Alexander Calder, and others; through Sept. 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

BEVERIDGE WEBSTER—Piano, in a program of French and American music. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Aug. 19, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of Bartók-Beethoven programs. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 8:30.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:30.) . . . **Julius Grossman** conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Joe Wilder, trumpet, and Donald Read, percussion. The third in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK CONCERTS—Warner Bass conducting a symphony orchestra, with Jane Birkhead, soprano, and Robert Rudie, violin. The last in a series of concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

CHAMBER MUSIC IN WASHINGTON SQUARE—Zoltan Rozsnyai conducting a chamber orchestra, with Marvin Hayes, bass. The second in a series of three weekly concerts. (Monday, Aug. 19, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

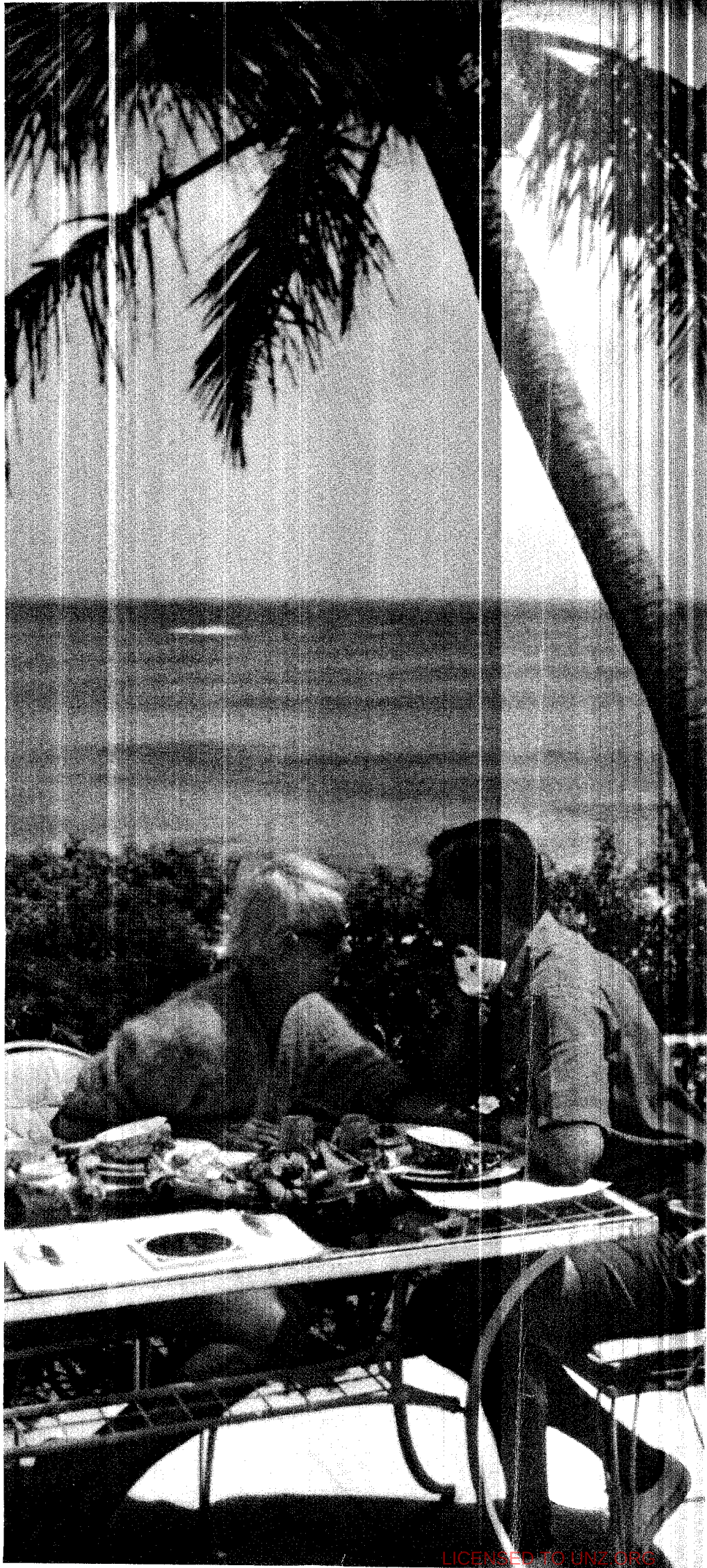
JAZZ CONCERTS—Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Oliver Nelson's band and Benny Golson's quartet. . . **Thursday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: George Russell's band and Jimmy Giuffrè's trio. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center.)**

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 16, at 8: Richard Burgin conducting the Boston Symphony, with Lorin Hollander, piano. . . **Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8: Eugene Ormandy** conducting; no soloists. . . **Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf** conducting, with John Browning, piano. . . **Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 4: The annual "Gala Evening" program of offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, including a concert by the school orchestra, conducted by Richard Burgin. A benefit for the Berkshire Music Center. . . Friday, Aug. 23, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf** conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Wagner program; no soloists. . . **Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf** conducting a Prokofiev-Brahms program, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . **Sunday, Aug. 25, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf** conducting a Prokofiev-Tchaikovsky program, with Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Folk and jazz concerts—Saturday, Aug. 17, at 3:30: Carlos Montoya. . . **Sunday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: George Shearing's quintet.**

NOTE—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 17: Stars and soloists of the Opera in Paris, including Claude Bessy and Attilio Labis, appearing in this country for the first time. . . **Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 20-24: Violette Verdy and Edward Villella, Pauline Koner and her company (with Norman Walker), and Bella Reine. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinees Fridays and Saturdays at 3.) . . . AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL (final performances of the season): Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: José Limón and Ruth Currier with their companies. . . Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Merce Cunningham and his company. . .**



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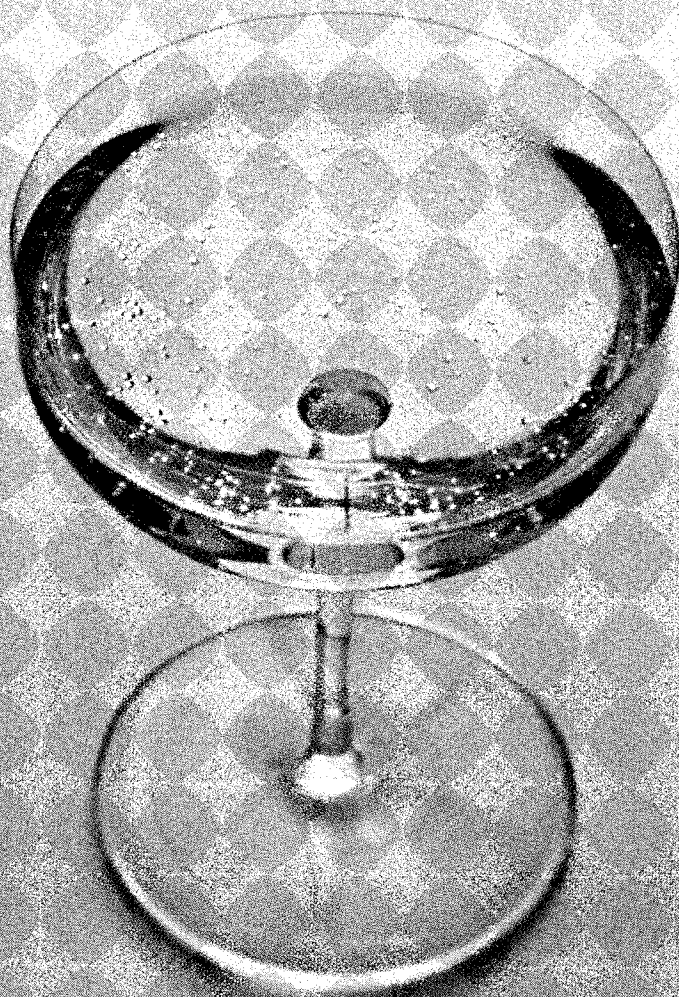
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

♣ Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. . . ♣ Sunday, Aug. 18, at 3: Lucas Hoving, Donald McKayle, and Paul Taylor with their companies. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 16, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2 (doubleheader). . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 8; Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); and Thursday, Aug. 22, at 2. . . ♣ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 23, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 24, at 2.

BOXING—José Gonzalez vs. Juan (Rocky) Rivero, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811, Saturday, Aug. 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Girls' Junior Championship. (Wolfert's Roost Country Club, Albany. Through Friday, Aug. 16.) . . ♣ U.S.G.A. Women's Amateur Championship. (Taconic Golf Club, Williamstown, Mass. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 19-24.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS**, Farmingdale, L. I.

RACING—At **SARATOGA**: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 17; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 21; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 24. . .

ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N. J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 1. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia. Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 9:30 and 11:30.) . . **LAUREL-PIMLICO**, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **THOMPSON RACEWAY**, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2. . . **WATKINS GLEN**, N.Y.: Saturday, Aug. 24, at 10 A.M.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R. I. Through Sunday, Aug. 18.) . . ♣ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 18, through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

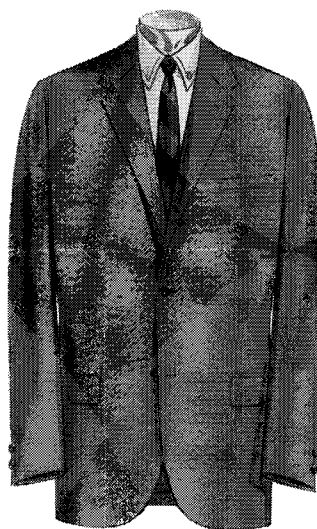
TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8:15; through Monday, Sept. 23. . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-25.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities are currently centered around the meetings of the Security Council, to which the public is admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . ♣ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Four programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through Aug. 16, showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evening at 8: "Lifeboat" (1944), with Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix. . . ♣ Aug. 17-18, showings at 3: "Rebecca" (1940), with Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. . . ♣ Aug. 19-20, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Spellbound" (1945), with Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck. . . ♣ Starting Aug. 21, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Notorious" (1946), with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

CLEOPATRA—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

DAVID AND LISA—A low-budget picture, arrestingly modest in scope and arrestingly well acted. David and Lisa are mentally sick teenagers who help each other by falling in love unawares. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva have the leading roles. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200. . . . Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 20.)

DIVORCE-ITALIAN STYLE—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

DR. NO—A depraved Chinese, resident of an island off Jamaica, plans to take over the whole world, but James Bond isn't having any of it. An auspicious beginning to what will probably be a long series of thrillers, based on the Ian Fleming originals. Sean Connery makes a perfect Bond, and there are lots of pretty, collapsible girls all around him. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

8½—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni plays the part of a famous director who is suddenly unable to go on working; Anouk Aimée is his intellectual wife; and Sandra Milo is his tawdry mistress. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES—In which we see how, shortly after the Italian surrender in the Second World War, a handful of Neapolitans rose up and overthrew their Nazi oppressors. A brilliant essay in the documentary form by the Italian director Nanni Loy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 21.)

HEAVENS ABOVE!—The next-to-latest Peter Sellers, in which he plays a parson too Christian for his own, or anyone else's, good. With delightful supporting performances by Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael, and directed and produced by the jolly Boulting brothers. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339. . . . 57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Aug. 21, tentative.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and a dozen others, all superlatively directed by David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER—A rip-roaring old-fashioned mystery, amusingly directed by John Huston and acted to the hilt by, among others, George C. Scott, Kirk Douglas, Clive Brook, and Dana Wynter. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 20, tentative.)

LOVE AT TWENTY—A portmanteau picture that looks at young love in France, Italy, Japan, Germany, and Poland. A hard time of life wherever one is, but the picture has its funny moments. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 20.)

THE L-SHAPED ROOM—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy, and circling around their unhappy affair are Cicely Courtneidge, Brock Peters, Emlyn Williams, and a number of other skilled performers. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

THE MIND BENDERS—Mind-bending is like brain-washing, only more so. A melodrama at first creepy and then soapy, done in the best English fashion, and starring Dirk Bogarde

and Mary Ure. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 17.)

MY NAME IS IVAN—There are some remarkable scenes in this Russian film about a twelve-year-old spy for the Russian Army in the Second World War, but as a whole it is too broad and sentimental to be really first-rate. A boy named Kolya Burlaiev gives a wonderful performance in the title role. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Aug. 20.)

SPARROWS CAN'T SING—A dazzling merry-go-round about soft hearts and hard feelings in East London. The first movie by the famous stage director Joan Littlewood, and it's a stunning success. James Booth and Barbara Windsor head the cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE—A beautifully photographed and acted French love story, whose principals are Hardy Krüger, as a war veteran suffering from amnesia; Nicole Courcel, as a nurse who loves him; and Patricia Gozzi, as the entrancing, dangerously amorous child who steals his heart. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 19, tentative.)

THIS SPORTING LIFE—Professional Rugby is the sport under consideration in this savage English movie about a player who is unlucky in love. Richard Harris is splendid as the tragic hero, and so is Rachel Roberts, opposite him. Lindsay Anderson is responsible for the pre-tentious direction. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, LE 2-6533; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

THE TRIAL—Orson Welles making a wild and woolly attempt to capture the Kafka novel, which is anything but wild and woolly. Abetting Mr. Welles are Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, and Romy Schneider. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 20.)

THE UGLY AMERICAN—Marlon Brando is simply wonderful in a melodrama about revolution and counter-revolution in Southeast Asia. With estimable direction by George Englund and lively camerawork by Clifford Stine. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 21, tentative.)

REVIVALS

L'AVVENTURA (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 20.)

THE BANK DICK (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 18-19.)

BREATHLESS (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 20.)

CHAPLIN COMEDY—"Easy Street," a memento from the silent past. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 18-19.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 18-19.)

THE DEVIL'S EYE (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 16.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—A French study of an

unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 21, evening performances only.)

LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 16-19.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER (1942)—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 20-21.)

MONSIEUR VINCENT (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of St. Vincent de Paul. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE (1940)—More W. C. Fields, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 17.)

NINOTCHKA (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 20-21.)

ONE, TWO, THREE (1961)—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a comedy about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Aug. 18-19.)

ON THE TOWN (1949)—Gene Kelly, Vera Ellen, and Frank Sinatra singing and dancing to some music by Leonard Bernstein. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 21, tentative.)

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT (1962)—Anthony Quinn, Julie Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney in a tale of an athlete who has outlived the only trade he knows. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 20.)

ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 20, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

ROOM AT THE TOP (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—François Truffaut wrote and directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 16-19. . . . 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 19, tentative.)

A SUMMER TO REMEMBER (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN! (1941)—Vivien Leigh playing Emma to Laurence Olivier's Lord Nelson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19.)

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 17-18.)

TORMENT (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 17-18.)

UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

VIROIDIANA (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 15.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listing under "Other Events," page 11.

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Aug. 20: "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.
From Aug. 21: "The Caretakers," Robert Stack, Polly Bergen.

CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8/2 (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through Aug. 20: "Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen.
From Aug. 21: "A Ticklish Affair," Shirley Jones, Gig Young.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Jason and the Argonauts," Todd Armstrong, Nancy Kovack.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Life of the Country Doctor" (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
SPARROWS CAN'T SING.

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210;
evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Aug. 20: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival.
From Aug. 21: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 20: **DAVID AND LISA.**
From Aug. 21 (tentative): **ON THE TOWN**, revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 20 (tentative): "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Aug. 20: **MY NAME IS IVAN** (in Russian).
From Aug. 21: "The Caretakers," Robert Stack, Polly Bergen.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (LE 2-6533)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley, Julia Foster.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Burning Court," Nadja Tiller, Jean-Claude Brialy.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 20: "A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor; and "It Takes a Thief," Jayne Mansfield, Anthony Quayle.
From Aug. 21: "Summer Magic," Hayley Mills, Burl Ives; and "40 Pounds of Trouble," Tony Curtis, Phil Silvers.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
18	19	20	21	15	16	17

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Aug. 19: "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.
From Aug. 20: "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French).

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DR. NO.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Aug. 18: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.
Aug. 19: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 20: "Lord of the Flies," with a cast of children.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 20 (tentative): **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.**
From Aug. 21 (tentative): **THE UGLY AMERICAN.**

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

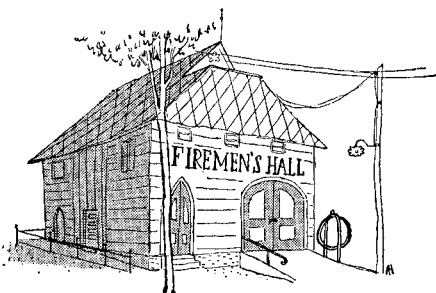
R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 20: "A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor; and "It Takes a Thief," Jayne Mansfield, Anthony Quayle.
From Aug. 21: "Summer Magic," Hayley Mills, Burl Ives; and "First Spaceship on Venus," Yoko Tani.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 20: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.
From Aug. 21: "Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen; and "East of Kilimanjaro," Marshall Thompson, Mala Powers.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 15: **VIRODIA** (in Spanish), revival; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.
Aug. 16-19: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (both in French and both revivals).
From Aug. 20: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 17: **THE MIND BENDERS**; and "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.
Aug. 18-19: **ONE, TWO, THREE**, revival; and "The Fugitive Kind," revival, Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani.
From Aug. 20: **THE TRIAL**; and **LOVE AT TWENTY** (five episodes, five languages).



8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 16: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
Aug. 17-18: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** and **TORMENT** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
From Aug. 19 (tentative): **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French); and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
HEAVENS ABOVE!

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 20: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.
From Aug. 21: "Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen; and "East of Kilimanjaro," Marshall Thompson, Mala Powers.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
DAVID AND LISA.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 20: "The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy; and "Term of Trial," Laurence Olivier, Simone Signoret.
From Aug. 21: "Summer Magic," Hayley Mills, Burl Ives; and "40 Pounds of Trouble," Tony Curtis, Phil Silvers.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Flamboyant Sex" (in French), Anita Lindoff.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8/2 (in Italian).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 21 (tentative): **HEAVENS ABOVE!**

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Aug. 19: "Hand in the Trap" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel, Francisco Rabal.
From Aug. 20: "The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE-ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 20: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.
From Aug. 21: "Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen; and "East of Kilimanjaro," Marshall Thompson, Mala Powers.

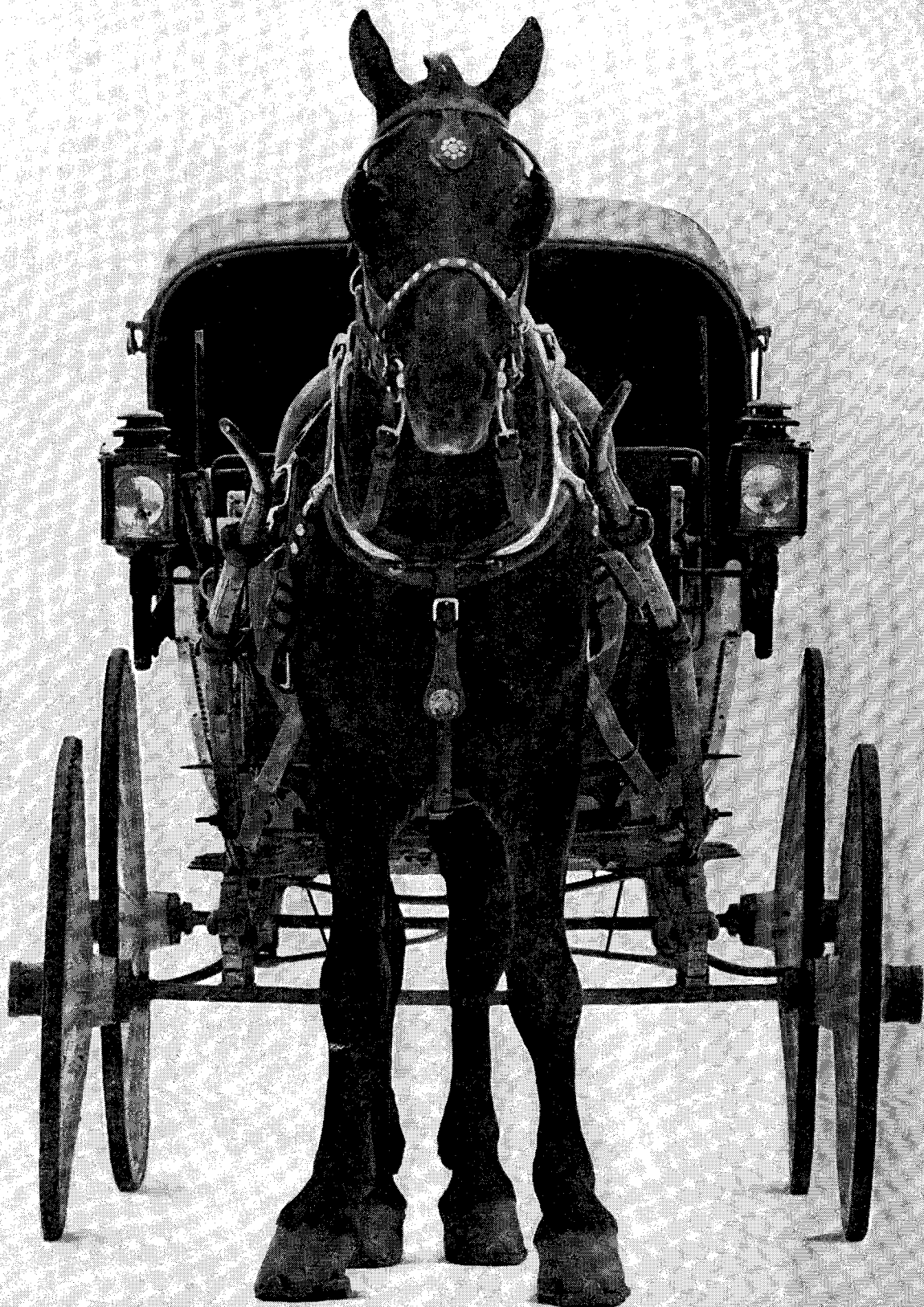
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 17: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and "It's Love I'm After," revival, Bette Davis, Leslie Howard.
Aug. 18-19: **THE BANK DICK**, revival; **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival; and **CHAPLIN COMEDY** (silent).
Aug. 20-21: **NINOTCHKA**, revival; and **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 20: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT**, revival; and "Beloved Infidel," revival, Gregory Peck, Deborah Kerr.
From Aug. 21: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian); and "My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 15: **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and "The League of Gentlemen," revival, Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.
Aug. 16: **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (in French), revival; and "The Golden Age of Comedy," revival, a silent-movie anthology.
Aug. 17: **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian), revival; and **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE**, revival.
Aug. 18: "The Idiot" (in Russian), revival; and "The Eternal Mask," (in German), revival.
Aug. 19: **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!**, revival; and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa.
Aug. 20: A program of eight short films on the dance—"The Moor's Pavane," "Afternoon of a Faun," and others.
Aug. 21: **MONSIEUR VINCENT** (in French), revival; and "Passion for Life" (in French), revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor; and "Prisoner of the Iron Mask," Michel Lemoine.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
DAVID AND LISA.



Is this the reason

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Gas engines may have taken the place of the horse. But the horse left its mark.

Early cars kept their whip sockets, long after there were no horses to whip.

Dashboards once kept the horse from splashing mud on the passengers.

And most cars have kept their engines up front, where the horse used to go.

When the Volkswagen was designed, we assumed that horses would never be back.



most engines still aren't in back?

So we felt free to put the engine over the rear wheels, the ones that drive the car.

That way, you don't spin your wheels getting power from the front to the back.

Or horse around with heavy driveshafts.

You also get more weight over the drive wheels for firm

traction when the going gets sloppy.

Actually, the VW's air-cooled aluminum engine would have been a sensation, even in front.

But the big idea was moving it to the rear.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FROM the obituary columns of the *Times* we often learn about individuals we wish we'd known while they were alive. Some weeks ago, for instance, we read a skimpy item about a remarkable old lady who had died in Sarasota, Florida. She was Mrs. Madeline Zacchini, aged ninety-one. It was her husband, Ildebrando Zacchini, who perfected the circus act of shooting human beings out of cannons. The Zacchinis had sixteen children, all projectiles. (Mr. Zacchini died in Tampa in 1948, at seventy-nine, and the parents' grave marker, fittingly, is a cannon.) How amused Mrs. Zacchini must have been, in her last years, by all the fuss and clatter attendant on the takeoffs and landings of cosmonauts and astronauts, some of them shot from her own home state! Her daredevil offspring, she may well have reflected—those sixteen pioneer conquerors of what was once known as space—weren't tested by psychologists or centrifuges to determine their suitability for their unique calling; she simply bore and raised them. It would have been nice if she could have paid a congratulatory call on the astronauts' womenfolk over at Cape Canaveral. What a gabfest they all could have had! For surely the pleasure and pride and relief that Mrs. Zacchini felt when her children, after their explosive launching from a cannon's mouth, landed in their net would have been especially understandable to the mothers and wives of Gordon Cooper and the others. "You remember when those young sailors all clapped their hands after Major Cooper made it safely to the aircraft carrier?" we like to think that Mrs. Zac-

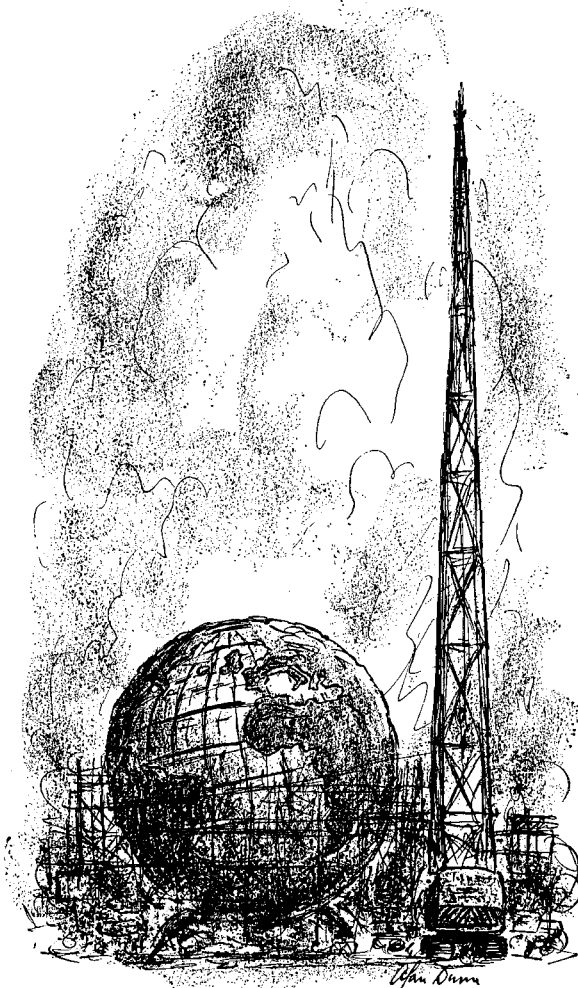
chini might have said. "I've heard that applause myself a thousand times, from kids at the circus. Big top or flattop, it's all pretty much the same thing. Just a question of figuring out the trajectory, getting your people up, and convincing them you know what you're talking about when you say everything's going to work out fine."

Reporter

PARTLY owing to a preference for reporters who go out and report over newscasters who stay in and cast, we have followed the work of Gabe Pressman, a peripatetic newsman who has been energetically covering the local

scene in person for WNBC, first on radio and then on television, for nearly a decade. During that time, Mr. Pressman, who is thirty-nine, stands five feet eight, and has black hair, large, liquid brown eyes, and the general aspect of an earnest kewpie, has accumulated an impressive covey of awards, including the George Polk Memorial, the Headliners, the Radio-Television News Directors Association (three times), the Sylvania (twice), and, in 1962 and 1963, the Emmy. He has also established a reputation for being the busiest reporter in town. "Anybody who has to keep up with Gabe ought to get flight pay," one of his N.B.C. colleagues has said. Pressman works a seven-day week, which includes a twenty-five-minute Monday-through-Friday program called "Pressman-Ryan Report," a ten-minute one-man Saturday show called "Gabe Pressman and the News," and an appearance on a half-hour Sunday panel program called "Searchlight." As a result of this approach to perpetual motion, he has become, according to *Newsweek*, "possibly the most celebrated local newsman in the country."

In the course of a recent Saturday we spent with Pressman, we learned that he lives in Yonkers, with his wife and three young children, the youngest of whom—a two-and-a-half-year-old daughter—generally wakes him at about six-thirty. However, he doesn't rise until seven or seven-thirty, and then he has breakfast with one or more of his children (he has dinner with them only on Saturdays and Sundays), phones the N.B.C. newsroom to check on leads for stories (he usually receives some ideas or assignments from his office the night before), and leaves his home sometime before nine-thirty. He makes his rounds in a



red 1962 Chevrolet station wagon, which is supplied by N.B.C., and which he has had air-conditioned at his own expense. The wagon is equipped with a mobile telephone, radio receivers for police and fire calls, and a two-way short-wave radio, which he uses for communicating with his office. "There's also a regular car radio," he said as he turned onto Riverdale Avenue. "I have a camera crew assigned to me—a cameraman, a sound man, and a light man. They'll meet me at the place where we're supposed to get our first story—a White Castle restaurant on Fordham Road. We got word yesterday afternoon that CORE is starting a new picketing job there this morning." He stopped for a traffic light, and a squad car stopped alongside.

"Hi, Gabe," one of the cops said. "What's new?"

"Nothing yet," Pressman said. "How you doing?"

The cop shrugged, the light changed, and Pressman drove on. An almost incessant pipe-smoker, he picked up one of four pipes lying on the seat and, using one hand, deftly filled the pipe and lighted it with a match. Then, using the same hand, he picked up his short-wave-radio microphone, which was hung on the dashboard, and told his office that he was on Mosholu Parkway, headed for the White Castle. Upon arriving there, he greeted his crew, all of whom were in shirtsleeves (Pressman was in a dark-gray silk suit, a blue shirt, a striped tie, and loafers), and reconnoitred the site. Not much was going on. Four Negro and two white pickets were walking an oval course in front of the restaurant, and four other demonstrators were sitting on stools inside. Eight uniformed policemen, four detectives, and a captain were on duty around the building. After talking briefly with the captain and two of the detectives, all of whom greeted him by name, Pressman said, "I think we'll scrub this," and used a pay phone on the street to call his office. "There's a negative story here, provided it doesn't change during the day," he said into the mouthpiece. "I'll have Nat shoot about forty feet of film, silent, so we'll be covered. Then we'll take off. I'll call you from the car."

After the cameraman had filmed the desultory activity around the restaurant, Pressman headed his station wagon down Fordham Road, followed by his crew, in a green Chevrolet sedan. He said that the only other story he had lined up in advance was a so-called summit meeting of the heads of the organiza-

tions that are staging the August 28th march on Washington. Upon calling his office on the short-wave radio, he found that the press conference after the summit meeting would not be held until one o'clock. It was now five minutes after eleven. His office suggested one other idea for a story—a ship launching at the Brooklyn Navy Yard—but Pressman wasn't much interested in this.

"There's a story in Yonkers we might use to fill in," he said into the microphone, while puffing on his pipe and returning the greetings of a passing motorist. "It's a one-year-old kid who's got a special valve in her heart. They say she's going to have a normal life as a result of this operation. Yesterday was her first birthday, and there's going to be a party today. Lots of relatives. I read about it last night in the Yonkers paper."

"Sounds good," the office said.

"We'll have to go out there in the afternoon, when the party's on, and we can't do the summit meeting until one," Pressman said into the microphone. "That leaves us high and dry. I think I ought to feed my crew right away, if they'll buy that."

The office agreed, and Pressman motioned to the crew car to come abreast. After a quick conference, it was decided to make for the Roxy Delicatessen, on East 161st Street. On the way, Pressman switched on the radio that receives police calls. "I'm really hungry for a story when I turn this on," he said. "We don't get anything on this worth following up more than half a dozen times a year. Once, we lucked ourselves into a payroll robbery just after the cops had killed three of the robbers. We got there while the cops were still out of breath from chasing the gunmen. It was very effective."

Relighting his pipe, Pressman threaded his way through the traffic on the Grand Concourse. "This is my old neighborhood—the middle West Bronx," he said. His father, he told us, is a dentist and part-time magician, who, at seventy, still practices both professions, the latter under the name of Dr. Magic. "From the time I was a kid of eight or nine, I wanted to be a newspaperman," Pressman went on. "My dad encouraged me. He bought me a hectograph, and I started putting out a family newspaper. It was called the *Hot News*, and had stories with headlines like 'Grandma Bakes a Sponge Cake' and 'Cousin Sue Cuts First Tooth.' The paper sold for a penny a copy. I was also fascinated by

broadcasting. My father bought me a microphone that I could hook up with the radio in the living room. I'd take the mike into another room and broadcast imaginary baseball games and football games, including crowd noises, cheers, and all." However, he was unable to escape for long the lure of journalism. At P.S. 35, he started a school newspaper and became its editor. He veered toward belles-lettres at Morris High School, where he edited the literary magazine. "That was my mother's influence," he said. "At N.Y.U., I went back to my real love and became editor of the paper. I also was class president. I suddenly became an obnoxious extrovert." In 1943, at the end of his junior year, during which he had been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, he joined the Navy, and served as a communications officer on a submarine chaser that participated in two landings in the Pacific. Returning to N.Y.U. after the war, he graduated, in 1946, *magna cum laude*. He took his Master's degree at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism and was later awarded a Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship, which paid fifteen hundred dollars and, with the addition of funds he acquired by writing free-lance stories for the Overseas News Agency, enabled him to spend fifteen months in Europe. Back home, he went to work as a reporter for the *World-Telegram*. He stayed there for five years, and was hired in 1954 by WNBC to be a full-time roving reporter covering local news. "Nobody had ever had that assignment before," he said. "I was a pioneer. A lot of others are doing it now, but I'm pretty proud to have been the first animal in the category. A reporter is supposed to be cold, impersonal, objective, but this is a show-business kind of thing. Because you're on the tube every night, you become a part of the story, even if it's only a supporting part. It's like being in a small town, where everybody knows you. It would be dishonest to say I don't like it. The fact is, it's fun."

Pressman pulled up in front of the Roxy Delicatessen. After he and his crew had put away a quick lunch of corned-beef sandwiches, dill pickles, and soda, he made a few more phone calls, completed arrangements for the birthday-party interview in Yonkers, and, with his crew in tow, set out for Harlem. Crossing the Macombs Dam Bridge, he called his office, told it where he was bound, and asked for a motorcycle courier to be at the site of the summit meeting to pick up the film that had been shot at the White Castle.

When Pressman arrived at the Uto-



pia Neighborhood Club, where the summit meeting was being held, James Farmer, the national director of CORE, was about to leave the building and was being detained in the hallway by a cluster of reporters.

Pressman made his way to Farmer's side. "Hi, Jim," he said. "Can I talk with you outside?"

"Sure, Gabe," Farmer said.

In practically no time, Pressman's camera crew had set up its equipment and he was interviewing Farmer on the sidewalk, while the other reporters listened in and took notes.

Later, while waiting his turn, along with other television representatives, to interview A. Philip Randolph, national president of the Negro American Labor Council and chairman of the march, Pressman mused on what to ask him. "I guess the best angle would be whether the Communists and Black Muslims are trying to take over the march," he said. "That's new. Well, not really new, but it may get a steamy answer." It didn't.

"I've been criticized by people for asking obvious questions," Pressman said as he left the summit meeting and started for Yonkers. "What do they want me to ask? So a guy's been in a boiler explosion. You say, 'What happened? What did you see? What did you hear?' Isn't that what people want to know? One thing I can't stand is pomposity. I hate guys who sit around and pontificate. We'll never come to journalistic maturity on television until we have crowds of reporters originating news, and stop depending on the wire services for everything."

After covering the Yonkers birthday party, which was neglected by the wire services, Pressman headed back to town by way of the White Castle restaurant he had visited that morning. Arriving there at four-twenty, he found that it was now packed with some thirty vocal demonstrators and that six pickets, including a young white clergyman, were blocking entry to the restaurant's parking lot by lying in the driveway.

While Pressman was surveying the activity, a heavy-set, well-dressed white man wearing a bow tie and a CORE badge came over and said, "If you want anything special, let me know. Singing. Chanting. Sitdown. Liedown. Combination. Whatever you want, just let me know."

"Thanks," Pressman said. "We're here to cover the news, not make it."

Pressman had his cameraman film the scene, which included an interview with the supine clergyman. He then went back to his car, where three



"Shouldn't you be shooting the sun or something right now?"

little girls were waiting, autograph books in hand. Having obliged his small fans, he dismissed his camera crew for the day and headed for his office.

En route, Pressman talked at length on the radio with a man he addressed as Tommy, who writes the Saturday show. At times, while he was supplying details of the various stories he had covered, he simultaneously read from notes, talked into the microphone, drove the car, and kept his pipe burning, all with the greatest of ease.

He arrived at the N.B.C. newsroom at five-forty-five, and spent the next hour in the screening and cutting rooms, where he looked at the film taken during the day (normally, about one-seventh of what's taken is used on the air) and discussed its editing. At six-forty-five, fifteen minutes before his show was to go on, he went to the control room, where he learned that the director hadn't yet seen three of the stories that were being used. "That's great,"

Pressman said. "That's the way to get network quality." At six-fifty, he walked into the makeup room, and while he was being ministered to there, he exchanged persiflage with Dr. Frank Field, the meteorologist whose show follows Pressman's on Saturday. Then Tommy came in and handed Pressman the script of his show. This was the first time he had seen it. At six-fifty-five, he entered the studio, took his place on the rostrum, and began reading the script aloud to himself. Before he had finished, it was seven o'clock, and he was on the air.

Large World

WE'VE just heard of a devoted New Yorker, an employee of Pan American Airways, who was transplanted to the Los Angeles office. His love for Gotham having been heightened by his exile, he lives only for vacations, when he can fly home again. How-



"Aren't we fortunate to be living in a world that's willing to ban nuclear testing!"

ever, Pan Am, which provides inexpensive transportation for its ranks, is not permitted to make commercial flights over the continental United States. The fellow has solved the problem by taking his company's Los Angeles-London polar-route jet and then catching a plane from London to New York. The trip is easily reversed.

Partners

THE Museum of Natural History, which is ninety-four, has set up an exhibition, called "Partners in Discovery," marking the seventy-fifth anniversary of the National Geographic Society and reflecting such cooperative efforts of the two organizations as the Peary expedition to the North Pole, the Arctic expeditions of Admiral Donald B. MacMillan and of Lincoln Ellsworth, Admiral Richard E. Byrd's Arctic and Antarctic flights, Theodore Roosevelt's big-game explorations in Brazil and Africa, Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews' fossil-yielding sorties into Central Asia, and the biological studies

carried out along the Urubamba River, in Peru, by the late Dr. Frank M. Chapman, who was the Museum's Curator of Ornithology for fifty years. We have been to see the show, and have inspected a variety of mementos of a rather cozy yesteryear. They include a 1909 photograph of the newly planted flag at the newly gained North Pole, with four Greenland Eskimos (Ooqueah, Ootah, Egingwah, and Seegloo) and one American Negro (Matthew Henson) in the foreground (Peary took the picture, so he wasn't in it); a shot of T. R. with a bagged jaguar's head cradled in his lap; one of Dr. Andrews' camel caravan in the Gobi Desert (twenty-one and a half camels showing); and one of a mother polar bear on an ice floe and about to charge MacMillan's sixty-ton schooner Bowdoin "in defense of her cubs," who are also shown. Likewise on display are Peary's wooden sledge; three of his Huskies (mounted); a model of the skull of a Baluchitherium, an extinct tree-browsing rhinoceros and the largest land mammal known (the original of

the model was dug up by Dr. Andrews in the Gobi Desert); and a cast of a clutch of dinosaur eggs, another Andrews Gobi Desert find. "The Andrews expedition, which the Museum manned and we financed in part, was the first to find dinosaur eggs," we were told by Mr. Melville Bell Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society and editor of its magazine, who was on hand. "There was as much excitement over dinosaur eggs in the nineteen-twenties as there is today over the astronauts. Well, almost, anyway."

We turned to some relatively latter-day joint-institution milestones—birds of paradise and cocks-of-the-rock brought back from the South Pacific by Dr. E. Thomas Gilliard, the Museum's current Curator of Ornithology; studies of the mechanics of hummingbirds' flight made by Crawford H. Greenewalt, a Museum and Society trustee—and presently found ourself standing beside Mr. John T. Sargent, the president of Doubleday, which published Mr. Greenewalt's beautiful and informative book "Hummingbirds." "We've installed a new division, the Natural History Press, which plans to publish books on natural-history and science subjects for the Museum," Mr. S. said. "It is also starting a school magazine, *Nature & Science*, in this field."

Regaining the side of Mr. Grosvenor, we asked after his father, Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, who was the *National Geographic's* editor for fifty-one years and now, at eighty-seven, is the Society's board chairman. "He's in good shape," his son said. "He and Mother still play dominoes. The magazine is in good shape, too, with a circulation of three and a half million. Last January's issue—a special one, devoted to the Society's history—sold nearly four million."

Before leaving, we paused, nostalgically, before a photograph of Dr. Chapman in Peru ("Here Dr. Chapman rests on an Andean trail," the caption read, in part), and recalled that we had had a series of birdy chats with him some years ago. "Seated on the deserted nest," he said to us then, of another expedition—one to the Bahamas, where he spent several days in an unoccupied nest in the middle of a settlement of two thousand flamingos, making notes and taking photographs—"I myself seemed to have become a flamingo."

OVERHEARD in a Schrafft's far up north on Madison Avenue, one hostess to another: "If that Kathleen

stays out one more Saturday, I'll break her to Twenty-third Street."

Under the Locusts

ON one of those brightly polished days we've been having, we drove out to the North Shore of Long Island, where, in the green, sleepy-seeming fastness of a great estate not far from Oyster Bay, the producer-director Robert Rossen was running through a scene for the movie "Lilith," starring Warren Beatty and Jean Seberg. Our ostensible purpose was to observe the problems involved in making a picture on location instead of in a studio, but our true goal was a meeting with Miss Seberg, whom we've long admired at a transatlantic distance, and with whom we wanted a word or two before she took off for her home in Paris. Until Miss Seberg was free to see us, we entertained ourselves with a tour of the estate, whose late owner we promised not to identify—Mr. Rossen's lawyers, we gathered, were in some doubt as to whether the proper zoning variance had been granted to permit the shooting of a picture on those exclusive premises—and all we dare say about the man who created it is that he was a hard-driving industrial magnate of the early-twentieth-century stamp who uncharacteristically combined considerable taste with his innumerable millions, and who moved with the seasons from one grand house to another, spending a few months apiece in Palm Beach, in Manhattan, in Italy, and on Long Island. He died several years ago, a childless widower, and the Long Island estate has since come into the possession of a Brooklyn businessman, who is holding it—the immense main house empty of furniture and in need of paint and repairs—as a real-estate investment.

Standing at the open front door of the house and watching the hurly-burly that preceded the shooting of a short movie scene, we found it easy to imagine the horror that the late owner would have felt on seeing his beloved lawns and dusky, panelled rooms overrun with what would surely have struck him as so many hoarse-voiced, unintelligible Martians—an army of cameramen, prop men, grips, assistant directors, and production assistants, most of them in shorts, ankle socks, and scuffed shoes, and naked to the waist, their soft pink flesh shining with sweat as they shuffled about in the intense heat, gauging sight lines and arranging reflectors and lights. The tableau put us in mind of poor Gatsby, a few miles farther west on the Island, the splendor and romance

of whose parties ("In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars") contrasted so strongly with the peculiar nature of most of his guests.

Having explored the rather tattered rose garden, the greenhouses, the swimming pool—it was almost a matter of surprise to find no body floating face down in it—and a nearby lake, on the shore of which Mr. Rossen's art director had caused one side and half the roof of a barn to be built, well braced by scaffolding beyond the camera's eye and weather-beaten enough to have stood there for a hundred years, we returned to the main house and listened as, on a side porch, Mr. Rossen quietly rehearsed Warren Beatty, Peter Fonda, and Anne Meacham, who were playing an occupational therapist and a couple of patients in a mental institution somewhere in Maryland. We were told that Miss Seberg had arrived in the music room, and in we hurried, to meet a very small, very young girl in a blue-and-white dress, wearing her blond hair piled on top of her head and looking as cool as sherbet and every bit as beautiful as we'd expected. Miss Seberg has the title role in "Lilith," which is to say

that she plays the dotty heroine of what the picture's publicity men have already described as a "story of rapture, of a mad and limitless love." Be that as it may, the role is certainly a long way from Miss Seberg's usual impersonation of a girl standing with reluctant feet where the American brook and French river meet, and she is plainly relieved to be taking the step. "It's always harder than one might think to manage one's career," she said, with what sounded like wisdom. "I don't want to make any more mistakes. Once this picture is finished, I hope to go back to Paris and be in no hurry about choosing the next. I used to be in a terrible rush—when I was little, I assumed one might as well commit suicide if one had tottered on to thirty—but now that I've reached twenty-five, I see there's more useful time left than I supposed. I can even imagine quite a pleasant life *after* thirty." She smiled a ravishing smile, and we decided that we already knew as much as we needed to know about shooting a picture on location.

SIGN on an elevator door at 171 Madison Avenue: "This elevator closed due to automation."



"Someday he's going to turn that other cheek once too often."

THE INDIAN

THE town, in New England, of Tarbox, restrained from embracing the sea by a margin of tawny salt marshes, locates its downtown four miles inland up the Musquenomenee River, which ceases to be tidal at the waterfall of the old hosiery mill, now given over to the manufacture of plastic toys. It was to the mouth of this river, in May of 1634, that the small party of seventeen men, led by the younger son of the Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony—Jeremiah Tarbox being only his second in command—came in three rough skiffs with the purpose of establishing amid this unpossessed abundance of salt hay a pastoral plantation. This, with God's forbearance, they did. They furled their sails and slowly rowed, each boat being equipped with four oarlocks, in search of firm land, through marshes that must appear, now that their grass is no longer harvested by men driving horses shod in great wooden discs, much the same today as they did then—though undoubtedly the natural abundance of ducks, cranes, otter, and deer has been somewhat diminished. Tarbox himself, in his invaluable diary, notes that the squealing of the livestock in the third skiff attracted a great cloud of "protestating sea-fowl." The first houses (not one of which still stands, the oldest in town dating, in at least its central timbers and fireplace, from 1642) were strung along the base of the rise of firm land called Near Hill, which, with its companion Far Hill, a mile away, in effect bounds the densely populated section of the present township. In winter the population of Tarbox numbers something less than seven thousand; in summer the figure may be closer to nine thousand. The width of the river mouth and its sheltered advantage within Tarbox Bay seemed to promise the makings of a port to rival Boston; but in spite of repeated dredging operations the river has proved incorrigibly silty, and its shallow winding channels, rendered especially fickle where the fresh water of the river most powerfully clashes with the restless saline influx of the tide, frustrate all but pleasure craft. These Chris-Craft and Kit-Kats, skimming seaward through the exhilarating avenues of wild hay, in the early morning may pass, as the fluttering rust-colored horizon abruptly yields to the steely blue monotone of the

open water, a few dour clammers in hip boots patiently harrowing the tidewater floor with tridents. The intent posture of their silhouettes distinguishes them from the few bathers who have drifted down from the dying campfires by whose side they have dozed and sung and drunk away a night on the beach—one of the finest and least spoiled, it should be said, on the North Atlantic coast. Picturesque as Millet's gleaners, their torsos doubled like playing cards in the rosy mirror of the dawn-stilled sea, these sparse representatives of the clamming industry, founded in the eighteenthies by an immigration of Greeks and continually harassed by the industrial pollution upriver, exploit the sole vein of profit left in the name of old Musquenomenee. This shadowy chief broke the bread of peace with the son of the Governor, and in a year both were dead. The body of the one was returned to Boston to lie in the King's Chapel graveyard; the body of the other is supposedly buried, presumably upright, somewhere in the woods on the side of Far Hill where even now no houses have intruded, though the tract is rumored to have been sold to a divider. Until the postwar arrival of Boston commuters, still much of a minority, Tarbox lived (discounting the summer people, who came and went in the marshes each year like the migrations of mallards) as a town apart. A kind of curse has kept its peace. The handmade-lace industry, which reached its peak just before the American Revolution, was destroyed by the industrial revolution; the textile mills, never numerous, were finally emptied by the industrialization of the South.

They have been succeeded by a scattering of small enterprises, electronic in the main, which have staved off decisive depression.

Viewed from the spur of Near Hill where the fifth edifice, now called Congregationalist, of the religious society incorporated in 1635 on this identical spot thrusts its spire into the sky, and into a hundred colored postcards purchasable at all four local drugstores—viewed from this eminence, the business district makes a neat and prosperous impression. This is especially true at Christmastime, when colored lights are strung from pole to pole, and at the height of summer, when girls in shorts

and bathing suits dot the pavements. A one-hour parking limit is enforced during business hours, but the traffic is congested only during the evening homeward exodus. A stoplight has never been thought quite necessary. A new Woolworth's with a noble façade of corrugated laminated Fiberglas has been erected on the site of a burned-out tenement. If the building which it vacated across the street went begging nearly a year for a tenant, and if some other properties along the street nervously change hands and wares now and then, nevertheless there is not that staring stretch of blank shopwindows which desolates the larger mill towns to the north and west. Two hardware stores confront each other without apparent rancor; three banks vie in promoting solvency; several luncheonettes withstand waves of factory workers and high-school students; and a small proud army of *petit-bourgeois* knights—realtors and lawyers and jewellers—parades up and down in clothes that would not look quaint on Madison Avenue. The explosive thrust of superhighways through the land has sprinkled on the town a cosmopolitan garnish; one resourceful divorcée has made a good thing of selling unabashedly smart women's clothes and Scandinavian kitchen accessories, and next door a foolish young matron, nostalgic for Vassar, has opened a combination paperback bookstore and art gallery, so that now the Tarbox town derelict, in sneaking with his cherry-red face and tot of rye from the liquor store to his home above the shoe-repair nook, must walk a garish gantlet of abstract paintings by a minister's wife from Gloucester. Indeed, the whole street is laid open to an accusatory chorus of brightly packaged titles by Freud, Camus, and those others through whose masterworks our civilization moves toward its dark climax. Strange to say, so virulent is the spread of modern culture, some of these same titles can be had, seventy-five cents cheaper, in the homely old magazine-and-newspaper store in the middle of the block. Here, sitting stoically on the spines of the radiator behind the large left-hand window, the Indian can often be seen.

HE sits in this window for hours at a time, politely waving to any passerby who happens to glance his way. It is hard always to avoid his eye, his form is so unexpected, perched on the radiator above cards of pipes and pyramids of Prince Albert tins and fanned copies of *True* and *Male* and *Sport*. He looks, behind glass, somewhat shadowy





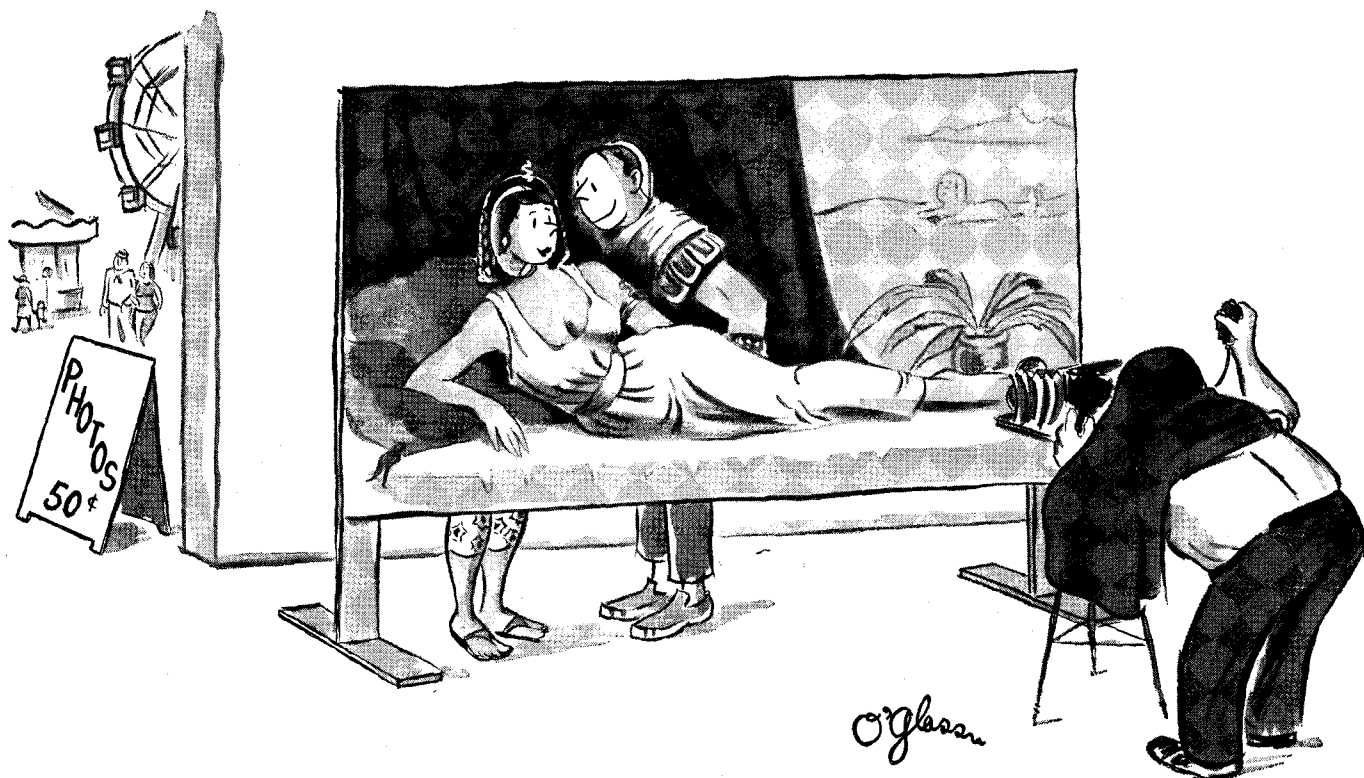
"Quiet down, everybody, and listen carefully. Aphids, go directly to the grapevines. Mealy bugs, proceed to the apple trees. Japanese beetles, head for the roses, and all you caterpillars . . ."

and thin, but outdoors he is solid enough. During other hours he takes up a station by Leonard's Pharmaceutical on the corner. There is a splintered telephone pole here that he leans against when he wearies of leaning against the brick wall. Occasionally he even sits upon the fire hydrant as if upon a campstool, arms folded, legs crossed, gazing across at the renovations on the face of Poirier's Liquor Mart. In cold or wet weather he may sit inside the drugstore, expertly prolonging a coffee at the counter, running his tobacco-dyed fingertip around and around the rim of the cup as he watches the steam fade. There are other spots—untenanted doorways, the benches halfway

up the hill, idle chairs in the barber-shops—where he loiters, and indeed there cannot be a square foot of the downtown pavement where he has not at some time or other paused; but these two spots, the window of the news store and the wall of the drugstore, are his essential habitat.

It is difficult to discover anything about him. He wears a plaid lumberjack shirt with a gray turtleneck sweater underneath, and chino pants olive rather than khaki in color, and remarkably white tennis sneakers. He smokes and drinks coffee, so he must have some income, but he does not, apparently, work. Inquiry reveals that now and then he is employed—during the last Christmas

rush he was seen carrying baskets of Hong Kong shirts and Italian crèche elements through the aisles of the five-and-ten—but he soon is fired or quits, and the word "lazy," given somehow more than its usual force of disapproval, sticks in the mind, as if this is the clue. Disconcertingly, he knows your name. Even though you are a young mutual-fund analyst newly bought into a neo-saltbox on the beach road and downtown on a Saturday morning to rent a wallpaper steamer, he smiles if he catches your eye, lifts his hand lightly, and says, "Good morning, Mr. —," supplying your name. Yet his own name is impossible to learn. The simplest fact about a per-



son, identity's very seed, is in his case utterly hidden. It can be determined, by matching consistencies of hearsay, that he lives in that tall, speckle-shingled, disreputable hotel overlooking the atrophied railroad tracks, just down from the Amvets, where shuffling Polish widowers and one-night-in-town salesmen hang out, and in whose bar, evidently, money can be wagered and women may be approached. But his name, whether it is given to you as Tugwell or Frisbee or Wigglesworth, even if it were always the same name, would be in its almost parodic Yankeeism incredible. "But he's an Indian!"

The face of your informant—say, the chunky Irish dictator of the School Building Needs Committee, a dentist—undergoes a faint rapt transformation. His voice assumes its habitual whisper of extravagant discretion. "Don't go around saying that. He doesn't like it. He prides himself on being a typical run-down Yankee."

But he *is* an Indian. This is, alone, certain. Who but a savage would have such an immense capacity for repose? His cheekbones, his never faded skin, the delicate little jut of his scowl, the drooping triangularity of his eye sockets, the way his vertically lined face takes the light, the lustreless black of his hair are all so profoundly Indian that the imagination, surprised by his silhouette as he sits on the hydrant gazing across at the changing face of the liquor store, effortlessly plants a feather at the back of his head. His air of waiting, of gazing; the softness of his motions; the odd

sense of proprietorship and ease that envelops him; the good humor that makes his vigil gently dreadful—all these are totally foreign to the shambling shy eyes and moist lower lip of the failed Yankee. His age and status are too peculiar. He is surely older than forty and younger than sixty—but *is* this sure? And, though he greets everyone by name with a light wave of his hand, the conversation never passes beyond a greeting, and even in the news store, when the political contention and convivial obscenity literally drive housewives away from the door, he does not seem to participate. He witnesses, and now and then offers in a gravelly voice a debated piece of town history, but he does not participate.

It is caring that makes mysteries. As you grow indifferent, they lift. You live longer in the town, season follows season, the half-naked urban people arrive on the beach, multiply, and like leaves fall away again, and you have ceased to identify with them. The marshes turn green and withdraw through gold into brown, and their indolent, untouched, enduring existence penetrates your fibre. You find you must drive down toward the beach to see them once a week or it is like a week without love. The ice cakes pile up along the banks of the tidal inlets like the rubble of ruined temples. You begin to meet, without seeking them out, the vestigial people: the unmarried daughters of vanished millowners, the retired high-school teachers, the senile deacons in their unheated seventeenth-century houses with attics full of old

church records in spidery brown ink. You enter, by way of an elderly baby-sitter, a world where at least they speak of him as "the Indian." The shadow, if not yet the precise shape, of the scandal beclouds their spectacles with a queer caution and causes an appalling snicker to materialize in the darkness on the front seat beside you as you drive Mrs. Knowlton home to her shuttered house on a back road. "If you knew what they say, Mister, if you knew what they say." And at last, as when in a woods you break through miles of underbrush into a clearing, you stand up surprised, taking a deep breath of the obvious, agreeing with the trees that of course this is the case. Anybody who is anybody knew all along. It happens, with some impatience, here, in Miss Horne's low-ceilinged front parlor, which smells of warm fireplace ashes and of peppermint balls kept ready in red-tinted knobbed glass goblets for whatever openmouthed children might dare to come visit such a very old lady, all bent double like a little gripping rose clump, Miss Horne, a fable in her lifetime. Her father had been the sixth minister before the present one (whom she does not care for) at the First Church, and *his* father the next but one before him. There had been a Horne among those first seventeen men. Well—where was she?—yes, the Indian. The Indian had been loitering—waiting around, she should say—in the center of town when she was a tiny girl in gingham. And he is no older now than he was then. —JOHN UPDIKE

THE EIGHTEENTH OF AUGUST

THE octagonal shape of the Austrian Room, where we were sitting, was repeated in the octagonal pattern of the parquet floor, but the Alpine landscapes on the walls were deliberately painted so as to pull the symmetry apart. I noticed, for instance, that the corner by the third window, where my mother was sitting, had a green ravine, blue mountains, piled-up rocks with a chamois on a crag, and a silvery white waterfall tumbling down the rocks, whereas farther on, behind Uncle Frederick's wicker chair, there were insipid undulating meadows, flocks of sheep, shepherds, shepherdesses, and the mere sliver of a lake showing. Being an only child—I was twelve—and often in the company of adults, I usually had plenty of time for such idle reflections during the long summers that my mother and I spent in my grandmother's castle in Bohemia.

On this day, we were assembled to be called for lunch, and I imagined that we had been waiting longer than usual. Leaning out of the middle window and looking down onto the rose parterre, I thought what a pity it was that we did not have a sundial in the center. My great-grandfather had had the sundial torn out when he bought the castle, because its gloomy inscription, "*Hodie mihi cras tibi*"—"Today the shadow falls on me, on you tomorrow"—was an "impertinence." Emma, who was my mother's own maid from London, came in at last and said, "Madam is served," but she did not fling the napkin draped over the crook of her elbow onto her shoulder, as she always did at the conclusion of a message, and I wondered what more there was to come. Would it be excitement piled on excitement, like chamois on a rock waterfall, or would it be sheepish and obvious? It was the latter. We were informed that the table was laid in the good dining room, because in the everyday dining room the curtains had been taken down to be washed, so as to be ready for my grandmother's return from Karlsbad in two days' time.

As soon as we entered the good dining room, my mother stopped and exclaimed, "But here there are no curtains, either, Emma. What on earth?"

"As Madam says," said Emma, "but seeing that they've taken off the curtains everywhere—in the ordinary and in the good, that is—I've been thinking it would be more respectful to use this room instead."

"I should have thought," said my mother, "it would have been more re-

spectful to wash the one lot of curtains first, then put them back up, and then perform with the other lot."

"As Madam says," said Emma, "but their minds don't run that way. With them, it's everything or nothing."

"Mostly nothing," said my mother.

"Sit down, you carping goose, will you?" said Uncle Frederick. He was an art dealer and very brusque in his manner. "They haven't invented the soup yet that will stay hot out of respect for you."

"Oh, well," said my mother, taking her seat, "lunching *sans cérémonie*, as old Countess Sternborn would have called it. Ha, ha."

"Didn't she have any curtains, either, Mama?" I asked.

"God knows," said my mother. "I only know she once asked your great-grandfather to stop in for lunch *sans cérémonie*, as she put it, and after lunch they had the black coffee brought in—into the dining room, mind you—and with the black coffee came the pedicure person and started performing on Countess Sternborn's feet, and a chip of a toenail flew off and jumped right into the old man's coffee. He never went there for a meal again. Whenever she asked him, he said their cooking was too exotic."

"And yet she was most particular," said Uncle Frederick. "When Dr. Bloch told her that she shouldn't keep kissing that dog of hers, and that it was not hygienic, the dog was brought in every night after dinner and the butler produced a clean napkin and she put the napkin on the dog's head and kissed the napkin."

"That dog," said my mother. "That was the dog, the historical one and only dog, who ever got admitted to the Jockey Club."

"You mixed-up goose," said Uncle Frederick. "The hygienic dog died before the war, the same as old woman Sternborn. The historic animal you mean belonged to Count Sternborn, later on. Poor Sternborn!"

"What did the dog do that was so historical?" I asked.

"Nothing," said my mother. "It belonged to Sternborn, simply and utterly, ha, ha. 'I am His Highness's dog at Kew. Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?' Leave me alone with the old stories." My mother had an annoying habit of fobbing me off with bits of

nursery rhymes when she did not feel like giving answers to my questions.

By then, the soup had been taken away, and Emma offered the French beans; she was followed by two other maids with the bread crumbs and the melted butter.

"These green beans are ghastly stringy again," said my mother.

"I am so glad you noticed it," said Uncle Frederick, "because the cook has been tying on the strings for you specially."

"I wouldn't put it past her," said my mother. "In the same way as I'm convinced that every time Kucera sends up a load of raspberries for jam, he supplies a bagful of wooden itsy-bitsies with it, to put in for seeds."

"You fascinate me," said Uncle Frederick. "Do you think Kucera would have risen to be head gardener if he didn't know how to grow raspberries with the maximum amount of pips in them?"

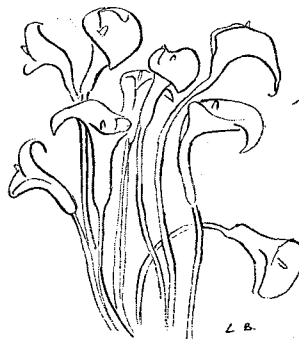
I was quite pleased to have the head gardener talked about in this nasty manner, but I was offended on the cook's behalf. I said, "But the cook is very clever. She told me the other day she can make as many kinds of jam as there are rooms in the castle."

"I know her and her fifty kinds of jam," said my mother. "Gooseberry jam, for instance. That's one. Rhubarb, that's another. Gooseberry with rhubarb is three. Rhubarb with gooseberry is four. She has *folie des grandeurs*. I al-

ways said so, and I shall be saying so till my dying day." What with a wealth of other similar convictions, most of them relating to the castle servants, my mother's dying day, speeded up by habits of mine like not keeping my shoulders back properly, was going to be crowded with utterances.

"That's the worst of hanging about the kitchen, Edith, day in, day out," continued my mother. "First the cook shoots her mouth and you listen, and then you come upstairs and repeat her brilliant remarks. And by the time you are grown up and dining out you will have no conversation of your own and you'll be staggered to find that there are other things to be discussed apart from the cook's rheumatic shoulder, and how the White Lady appeared in her dreams and breathed on her dream pudding, and how the real pudding collapsed the next day when she turned it out."

"And jolly useful, too," said Uncle



Frederick. "I wish the White Lady'd appear to me in my dreams and say, 'Don't touch that Boudin, it's a fake.'"

Emma was changing the plates, and every time she returned to the sideboard to be handed a clean plate she gave the two maids standing there a nasty glance and raised her chin, and the maids straightened up from their sloppy postures, tugged at their printed blue cotton frocks, and shifted on their bare feet. Emma began offering the cutlets on an oval platter, which was grooved in the pattern of a branched fern; the root of the fern was shaped into a depression, where the gravy collected as it trickled down the branches. As soon as my mother caught sight of the dish, she said, "Emma, will you please tell the cook that perhaps next time she will be good enough to favor us with a gravy boat. That is, if it's not too much trouble for her."

"At Madam's service," murmured Emma, and moved to Uncle Frederick's chair.

"That's because Mama isn't here, needless to say," said my mother, helping herself to rice strewn with green peas and chopped ham. "If Mama were

here, the cook would never dare. It's a wonder she didn't send up the rice in a nose bag. But I'm going to tell Mama, as soon as she is back. After all, Mama's only got the gout in her big toe and not in her brain, so it can't possibly upset her, and I shall tell her exactly what her servants are worth."

"That will be a big revelation for Mama, you can depend on it," said Uncle Frederick. "Especially as Mama has had hardly time to make the cook's acquaintance during the thirty years she's graced Mama's kitchen."

"Graced, ha, ha," said my mother, and placed a slice of hard-boiled egg on top of the cucumber salad in the half-moon plate by her side. These half-moon plates interested me. They were of dirty white porcelain like stale snow, and, like stale snow, they were cracked all over; this was on purpose, and it was called "*craquelé*." I was wondering whether my mother had exhausted herself running down my grandmother's servants or whether she would go on and make her customary remark that the scullery had the knack of turning all the china in the place into *craquelé*, when another maid appeared in the door. She was a

kitchen maid, and had no business in the dining room. She had a soaking wet dishcloth tied over her apron.

Uncle Frederick was just helping himself to cutlets, and my mother exclaimed, "Put it down, Emma, for heaven's sake, and see what is wrong!"

"At Madam's service," said Emma, without moving. She still lingered through the progress of the rice and the salad, watching the maids to see whether they were offering the dish with one hand, with the other hand laid at the waist at the back, the way she had taught them. Then she went to the door and followed the kitchen maid out of the room.

"Dr. Bloch, Madam, if you would give him the pleasure," said Emma when she returned.

"Put him in the Austrian Room, Emma," said my mother, "and serve him up with the coffee."

"I have shown him into the Saints' Room, begging Madam's pardon," said Emma, "seeing that the Doctor doesn't want to get mixed up with the black coffee, seeing that he only can stop for a minute and wants to lay his admiration at Madam's tiny feet."

"I'm coming," said my mother and got up. "That's the worst of living in the desert of Bohemia. People always drop in, and you can't even say 'Not at home.'"

UNCLE FREDERICK had hardly sat down again when I said, "Please, Uncle Frederick, why was the dog so historical?"

"You aren't curious, you only want to know—is that it?" asked Uncle Frederick.

I giggled.

"Count Sternborn happened to be in Vienna, after the war," said Uncle Frederick, "and he went to the Jockey Club, and the dog went with him. The secretary comes and says rules and regulations and the whole rigmarole—no dogs allowed, and accordingly, and so on and so forth. So Sternborn blows up and shouts, 'You refuse admittance to my dog? How dare you refuse admittance to this dog of mine, when this dog has gone through the whole agony and witnessed the dismemberment of the empire and has seen piddling little republics all over the place and jumped-up traitors become their piddling presidents, and the Lord our Emperor driven into exile and dead in exile!' And so the club secretary looks at the dog, and the dog looks back at him, and the secretary shuts his trap and walks away and the dog stays. And then the secretary comes back and bends down to the dog, and



"The trouble with me is I lose my head when everyone about me is keeping his."

Sternborn doesn't pay any attention, because he thinks the secretary is just patting the animal, and a minute later the secretary is off again. And Sternborn looks at his dog and he sees the dog's got the member's badge dangling from his collar. And now that I come to think of it, that must have happened definitely after 1922, because in 1922 the Emperor Charles died, which really and truly meant that Sternborn's dog had seen enough to bellyache forever after."

I was going to ask what the dog was called, and what he looked like, when my mother returned.

"What's up?" asked Uncle Frederick.

"Nothing. The usual thing," said my mother. "He's on his way from Count Sternborn's, from one of their weeping sessions, over the Green Dragoons in particular and the departed Imperial regiments in general, but it was a special performance today of all days, because today is the Eighteenth of August, the old Emperor's birthday. Did you know today was the Eighteenth? I didn't—that is to say, I said I did, and of course played up to him, and now he is driving back to Brandys, and he just wanted to be sure when Mama would be back from Karlsbad, so that he can call straightaway and inquire how she feels and lay his respects at her feet. But not at her tiny feet, ha, ha."

"You vain goose, you can keep your tiny feet," said Uncle Frederick. "But Sternborn was aide to the Emperor Charles—that is, while he was still Archduke Charles—and what has he got now? The Eighteenth of August, that's all. That's very bad for Sternborn."

"He is not the only one," said my mother. "Even I. The Eighteenth was the one day in the year I was allowed to wear my hair open, down my back, and it was wavy, because I had it damped and plaited the night before, and always a white dress on, and you in a white sailor suit, and Prochazka putting posies on the horses' heads, and Kucera performing with a wreath round the stable clock, and caviar and champagne before lunch, though the old man loathed caviar and champagne himself; but it was 'Black and gold, to thee we hold,' the way we used to declaim it at school, and we really thought it would go on forever. And now there's a president, and



"I need the money to repay an unfriendly loan company."

of course he hasn't got a birthday. As though he would dare."

"That's the least of it," said Uncle Frederick. "What's for pudding, Emma? If the pudding is hot, linger not. If the pudding is cold, don't let it grow old—do you understand?"

"Red-currant tart, sir, at your service," said Emma.

She had been taking the salt and the breadbasket away and was doing the round of the table to sweep the crumbs off, moving with her quick, small, affected step, gracefully and reliably, like a circus horse, when the door opened abruptly and revealed two scullery maids, breathing hard, with their hands clapped over their mouths, as though they were frightened by their own daring.

"Do they always have to come in a brace, like shot pheasants?" said my mother.

Emma handed the kidney-shaped silver crumb shovel and the crumb brush to the dining-room maids, like a queen relinquishing sceptre and orb, and hastened away, shutting the door and thus removing the distressed scullery servants from our sight. When she returned, she remained standing by the door, prinking the frilled bow on the top of her head, as though to make sure that it still was in place—a habit of hers when she was surprised. "Begging Madam's pardon,"

she said, "the kitchen maid, Bozena, is missing. She left a letter in the stillroom, on top of the jug with the cream, and the cream never got whipped, either."

"That's Prochazka's granddaughter, isn't it?" asked my mother.

"His grandniece, as Madam was saying," said Emma.

"The usual stuff, is it?" asked Uncle Frederick. "Who wrote the letter for her?"

"She must have written it herself, sir," said Emma. "Secret-like, to spring it as a surprise."

"My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine?—very awkward," said Uncle Frederick. "But she hasn't always been lonely, has she? Which of the blasted undergardeners helped her to her lonely anguish, Emma, do you know?"

"Difficult to say, sir," said Emma. "Kucera plays discreet and won't come out with the name. But it isn't a married man, sir. If he was married, it would make it hopeless anyway, and that would make it much more soothing, in a manner of speaking, but he is a deeply encrusted bachelor, Kucera says, a slippery customer, and that makes it much worse and more hurtful for the girl, and Kucera says a suicide would suit him all right anyway, because then he wouldn't have to come up with flowers for the funeral. And the cook says it's a mystery

THANKSGIVING FOR A HABITAT

(FOR GEOFFREY GORER)

Nobody I know would like to be buried
with a silver cocktail shaker,
a transistor radio, and a strangled
daily help, or keep his word because

of a great-great-grandmother who got laid
by a sacred beast. Only a press lord
could have built San Simeon; no unearned income
can buy us back the gait and gestures

to manage a baroque staircase, or the art
of believing footmen don't hear
human speech. (In adulterine castles,
our half-strong might hang their jackets

while mending their lethal bicycle chains—
luckily, there are not enough
craggs to go round.) Still, Hetty Pegler's Tump
is worth a visit, so is Schönbrunn,

to look at someone's idea of the body
which should have been his, as the flesh
Mum formulated shouldn't. That whatever
he does or feels in the mood for—

stocktaking, horseplay, worship, making love—
he stays the same shape disgraces
a royal I. To be overadmired is not
good enough; although a fine figure

is rare in either sex, others like it
have existed before. One may
be a Proustian snob or a sound Jacksonian
democrat, but which of us wants

to be touched inadvertently, even
by his beloved? We know all about graphs
and Darwin, enormous rooms no longer
superhumanize, but earnest

city planners are mistaken: a pen
for a rational animal
is no fitting habitat for Adam's
sovereign clone. I, a transplant

from overseas, at last am dominant
over three acres and a blooming
conurbation of country lives, few of whom
I shall ever meet and with fewer

converse. Linnaeus recoiled from the Amphibia
as a naked gruesome rabble;
arachnids give me the shudders, but fools
who deface their emblem of guilt

are germane to Hitler—the race of spiders
shall be allowed their webs. I should like
to be to my water brethren a spell
of fine weather; many are stupid

and some, maybe, are heartless, but who is not
vulnerable, easy to scare,
and jealous of his privacy? I am glad
the blackbird, for instance, cannot

tell if I'm talking English, German, or
just typewriting, that what he utters
I can enjoy as alien rigmarole. I ought
to outlast the limber dragonflies

as the muscle-bound firs are certainly
going to outlast me. I shall not end
down any esophagus, though I may succumb
to a filter-passing predator,

shall, anyhow, stop eating, return my smidge
of nitrogen to the World Fund
with a drawn-out *Oh* (unless, at the nod
of some jittery commander,

I be translated in a nano-second
to a c.c. of poisonous nothing
in a giga-death). Should conventional
blunderbuss war and its routiers

invest my bailiwick, I shall of course
assume the submissive posture,
but men are not wolves and it probably
won't help. Territory, status,

and love, sing all the birds, are what matter.
What I dared not hope or fight for
is, in my fifties, mine, a toft and croft
where I needn't, ever, be at home *to*

those I am not at home *with*, not a cradle,
a magic Eden without clocks,
and not a windowless grave, but a place
I may go both in and out of.

—W. H. AUDEN

to her and that all that hooting of the
owl at night under the servants' quarters
stopped some time ago, as soon as she
spoke to Kucera about it, and in any case
that was never directed at Bozena."

"Don't I know these two-legged
owls!" said my mother.

I burst out laughing, and Uncle
Frederick said, "You fascinate me,"
though he did not even smile, but passed
his hand over his head in a troubled way.
"And what does Prochazka think?" he
asked. "And even if he doesn't think,

he's got something to say, hasn't he?"

"He's never noticed a thing, sir,"
said Emma. "He says she always had a
grin on her like a horse with the oats
before him."

"I suppose," said Uncle Frederick,
"it's a tossup between the river and
the railway, Emma. What do you say?"



"To be sure, sir, and always at your
service," said Emma.

The kitchen maid who had an-
nounced Dr. Bloch now reappeared in
the door. This time she had taken off
her wet dishcloth.

"There you are! She's turned up
again! What did I tell you?" cried my
mother, who was clearly trying to re-
gain an air of wisdom after her unfor-
tunate remark about the two-legged
owls.

"No such luck, if I may be so bold,



"Eloise! Why aren't those children down here enjoying the pool?"

Madam," said Emma after she had listened to the maid's report, all conducted in a hissing whisper. "The cook wants it to be known that the jug with the letter on it had sour cream inside, so it wasn't Bozena's fault she didn't whip it, considering that the cook doesn't like to speak ill of the dead."

"The cook is being perfectly ridiculous," said my mother. "In the first place, Bozena, if she wants to perform, has to go all the way to Brandys to throw herself into the Elbe, and it's just as far to the railway tracks, if that's her choice. Besides, I don't think she could possibly make the two-thirty, even if the two-thirty is as disgracefully late as usual. When I come to think of it, how the trains are run, always black with soot and never on time, I am thankful our grandfather had nothing to do with them, after all. Last time I rode on the train, I spoiled a perfectly new pair of kid gloves."

"You break my heart," said Uncle Frederick. "The old man would have ruined a hundred pair of kid gloves if they'd let him have his way."

"That's true. It's ridiculous, but it's true," said my mother.

For a while no one spoke, and I knew we were all thinking of my great-grandfather's well-known quarrel with the railway. When my great-grandfather bought the castle, the railway was being laid through that part of the countryside in Bohemia, and my great-grandfather made it known to the authorities that he would be willing to pay the cost of laying the tracks from the main line to the village and having a station set up in the village, on condition that the station would be named after him. His offer was declined. Years later, when the trains were running, he got into the habit, when travelling up from Prague, of pulling the emergency cord in the neighborhood of Zelenec, where the line was nearest to the castle—bringing the train to a standstill—paying the fine, and then walking home. After two years of such truculent behavior, the old Count Sternborn, the father of the present Count, approached my great-grandfather and told him that someone "not a hundred miles away

from the Hofburg" had been graciously pleased to give a hint to the railway staff, and that in future the fine would not be exacted. My great-grandfather flew into a rage and never made use of his privilege. Ever after, he got off the train at the station at Celakovice, where Prochazka would be waiting with the carriage and pair, and was driven home.

It was Emma's affected little cough that finally broke the silence, and Uncle Frederick at once lit a cigarette with a gesture of exaggerated liveliness and said, "Blast the railway and blast the river. Whatever it is, we'll have to get the gendarmes from the village. And Prochazka shall get out the gig and shall wing his way down himself, Emma, do you hear?"

"You are being ridiculous!" cried my mother. "We don't want the gendarmes. First the cook stuffs them full with coffee and cake, and then they pick up their silly guns and walk down the road and find the girl, because she's been waiting there for them all the time to be found, and then they tell her no man is worth it, excepting themselves,

ha, ha, and escort her back, and everybody is perfectly and utterly amazed at their performance."

"Are you out of your mind?" said Uncle Frederick. "Mama is away, and the girl is gone, and it's no use saying the lightning never strikes, it only thunders. The gendarmes, Emma, do you hear? And all the stable lads to saddle up and get going. In the direction of Brandys and toward Zelenec and Celakovice."

"At your orders, sir," said Emma, and she hurried away gracefully. When she came back, there was a further delay till the red-currant tart arrived. It had a hood of meringue that looked like the sea whipped up by a storm, which meant that the cook had slapped it on without taking the trouble to smooth it over, and the crests of the waves were blackened, which meant that the cook had forgotten she had it in the oven. Or perhaps she had stirred up the fire too violently, and on purpose.

WE remained in the Austrian Room for a long time after the coffee had been served. Uncle Frederick was reading an art catalogue and making notes in the margins, and my mother was writing a letter—or, rather, she was holding the pad of notepaper on her knees, stabbing the table in front of her with her fountain pen and staring into space. I began plaiting the fringe of the flowered shawl draped over the grand piano. I had been forbidden by my mother to go down into the kitchen and listen to unwholesome talk, and I had been forbidden the park, the garden, and the greenhouses as well, owing to the presence therein of vile undergardeners. If my mother had not been occupied with the table, I would have gone to work on it, prizing out the inlay of mother-of-pearl and ebony. Plaiting the fringe was the best substitute annoyance that occurred to me. I was hoping by this activity to be ordered out of the room. Alternatively, I hoped that my mother would stop her letter and start one of her quarrels with Uncle Frederick, which were always a delight to witness.

Emma came in and said, "Count Sternborn, at Madam's service."

"What on earth?" said my mother, frowning. She turned to Uncle Frederick and said, "Count Sternborn, did you hear?"

"Do you have to tell me? Do you think I'm deaf, or what?"

"You haven't asked him over, have you?" said my mother.

"Are you out of your mind?" said Uncle Frederick. "It's enough when I get him via Dr. Bloch. I could always do without him, full length and life size."

My mother turned back to Emma and said, "We shall be pleased."

"The Count begs to be excused, Madam," said Emma. "He cannot come up into the drawing room, seeing that he is in boots and breeches, but he would like to kiss hands in the yard."

"Tiresome as always," said my mother. Then she brightened. "I know. Show him into the Garden Room, because that's neither in the garden nor is it a room, Emma. That will be perfect."

"I am afraid the Count won't agree to that, Madam," said Emma, "seeing that he's come over with his comrade and the comrade being nervy, and he wouldn't like anyone else to hold his head."

"In other words, a slap in the face," said my mother. "A calculated slap in the face. If he won't dress up to me, I shan't dress down to him, either, and if he doesn't trust Prochazka, who is seventy-God-knows-what or more, and who was coachman to Noah in the ark—if he doesn't trust him to hold a horse, then it's a slap in Prochazka's face, too. I will certainly not go down

and be asked what price Mama got for the sugar-beet crop last autumn. Tell him I'm not at home."

"Tell him I'm coming down," said Uncle Frederick, who had risen. "I was only green in the reserve of the Green Dragoons, whereas he was green full time, but I'll try to be as evergreen as I can."

I slipped between the grand piano and the wall, ducked under the console with the dolphin support, and was out of the room before Uncle Frederick. I waited and followed him down the stairs, and we both stopped by the bronze Roman goddess who held two milk-glass lamps in her upraised arms—a pose that reminded me of Emma when she was offering cold meat and mayonnaise.

Count Sternborn was walking to and fro at the far end of the hall, swishing a riding crop against his boots. He must have ridden a long distance across country; usually there was a silvery film on his boots, like the bloom on ripe plums, but today his boots were thickly coated with the white dust of the roads.

"Serious," said Uncle Frederick.

"Serious," said Count Sternborn.

They advanced toward the middle of the hall, gave each other a slap on the shoulders, lowered their arms simultaneously, and stepped away three paces. Then, just as I was dropping a curtsy, Count Sternborn turned his back on us and resumed his walking and swishing. Uncle Frederick lit a cigarette.

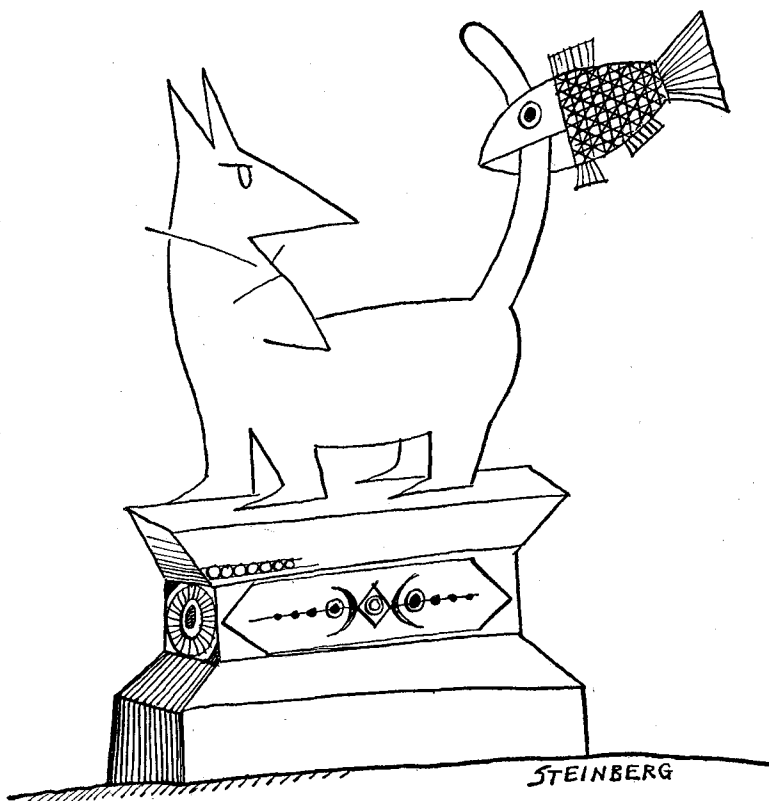
"I see you've got the same pictures as we have got," said Count Sternborn.

"The Father's Curse' and 'The Prodigal's Return.'" He came to a standstill. "And in the hall, too. Funny, that. I never knew."

"I knew. And I don't think it's funny," said Uncle Frederick. "But with you that father curses between those antlers and crossed swords, while here he curses more freely all over the wall."

"You always had an eye for art," said Count Sternborn. "And you notice things. Astonishing."

"I'll astonish you still more," said Uncle Frederick. "You've got Rodin's Thinker, the stinker, in the library, and we've got him in the Saints' Room.



Now laugh that off."

"I'll think about that on my way home," said Count Sternborn. "I'd better be going."

"This will never do," said Uncle Frederick. "First we are going to have a jolly good laugh over it. Gentlemen, please, short military laughter. One, two, three." He paused. Then he and Count Sternborn said, "Ha. Ha. Ha," in unison.

"I'll push off now," said Count Sternborn, and I knew that this meant he was at last going to say what he wanted. He was like people who put into their postscript the real purpose of their letter.

"Any message for my sister?" asked Uncle Frederick. "Apart from that you weren't sorry you couldn't see her?"

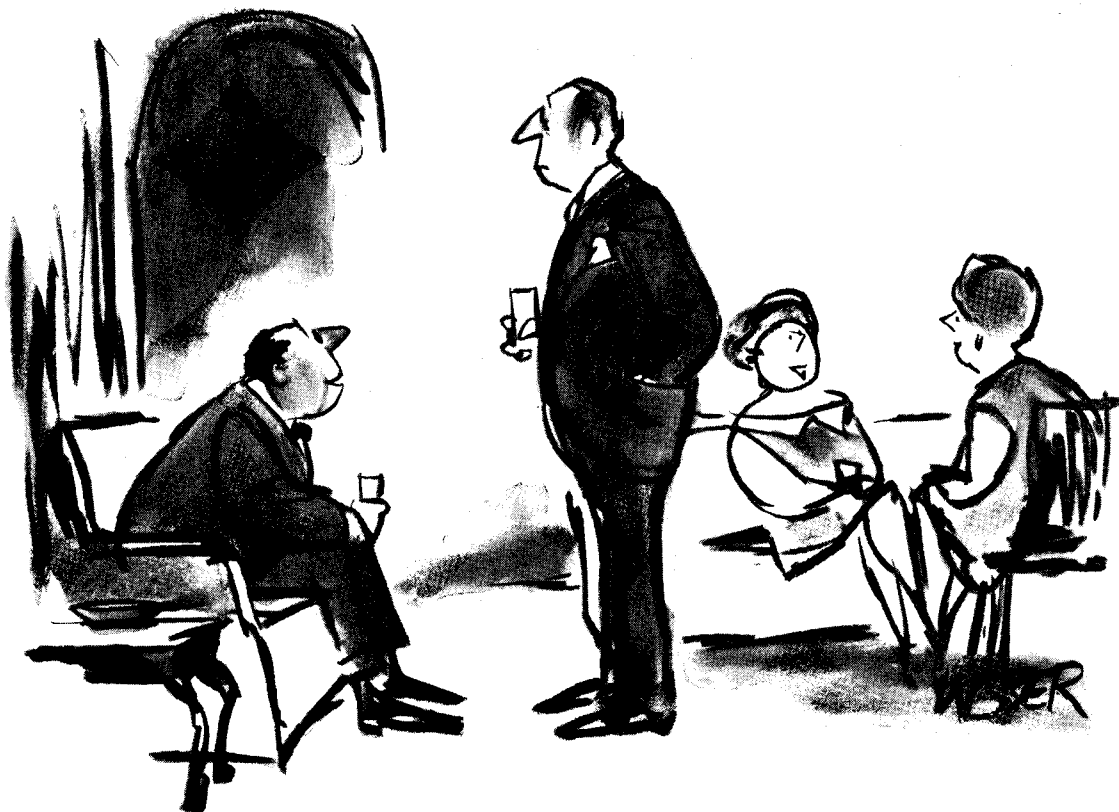
"Oh, yes," said Count Sternborn. "Tell her I am deeply moved. Tell her I've got your Bozena. I'll send her back tonight, when she's completely quieted down. I gave her an opium pill—a quarter of what I'd have given to a cow. That should be just right; one always reckons by weight. The Bohemian people are wonderful, even if that traitor Masaryk... and I still say if the Emperor Charles had entered Prague in 1918 and got himself proclaimed King of Bohemia and Moravia we could have been saved. That's what I told her, too. That's how we should have acted. It had a wonderful effect on her. And the opium, too, of course. The two together. That's where we missed our opportunity. That's how we could have stopped the breakup."

"How do you mean?" said Uncle Frederick. "Do you mean to say there wouldn't have been the breakup in 1918 if there had been enough cow pills to go round, or what?"

"We failed in our duty," said Count Sternborn. "We failed our Emperor. The gravediggers of the monarchy were busy all around us, the country was committing suicide, and we did not see it."

"How did you get acquainted with Bozena?" asked Uncle Frederick.

"She was sitting on a milestone, where the footpath crosses into the high-road, by Zelenec, before you get into Zelenec," said Count Sternborn. "That child of Bohemia's countryside was sitting on a milestone, weeping her heart



"Gosh, Leonard, I'd love to see the new furnace, but you showed it to me last time."

out, in the heart of Bohemia. Imagine it! Can you imagine it?"

"What do you expect?" said Uncle Frederick. "If you set out by foot from here, you can't get much beyond the village in an hour or so, can you?"

"The soul of Bohemia," said Count Sternborn, "her eyes shrouded with tears, wants to go to her death on the Emperor's birthday, because the Emperor is no more. Yes, to her death!" He paused. "I am ashamed of myself," he added. "Mortified. Here I stand, an officer and a nobleman, by the grace of our Lord the Emperor—which is not true, of course, because I'm not an officer any more and they've taken away our titles. So, how am I to say it?"

"How do you mean?" said Uncle Frederick.

"Here I stand," continued Count Sternborn, "and I have not gone to my death. The very thought of it did not even cross my mind. Not till I met—not till I was privileged to meet—the unspoiled, untutored child of Bohemia, who put me to everlasting shame by her act of despair. My mortification is boundless."

"Do you have to tell me?" asked Uncle Frederick. "If I'd been talking your mixture of bilge and clichés, I'd be jolly ashamed of myself, too. As long as you send back the soul of Bohemia from your part of the heart of Bohemia

to our part of the heart of Bohemia, I'll do the same by your skivvies next time. Edith, here, will run upstairs and let them know about Bozena, and I'll see you off in the yard." And, laying an arm on Count Sternborn's shoulder, he walked with him into the outer hall, where they were met by Emma, who presented on a tray the silver-backed clothesbrush whose bristles were yellowed with age, the ivory comb with several missing teeth, and the flask topped with silver that was supposed to contain eau de cologne—all remnants of a travelling outfit of my great-grandfather's, of which the quaintest piece, now absent, was an ivory spoon for the removal of wax from the ancestral ears.

"It'd take more than this to freshen me up," I heard Count Sternborn say as he passed Emma, and I heard Emma reply, "As you say, sir, and always at your service." —EDITH TEMPLETON

ODDS AND ENDS: A survey of 38 major symphonic orchestras in the United States, as published in Musical America magazine, shows that the Indianapolis and Salt Lake City orchestras last season played the most works by living American composers. The Chicago Symphony played the least attention to naive composers.—*Indianapolis News*.

And played it damn well, too!

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

AN EMOTION OF WEIRDNESS

U.S. HIGHWAY 40, which links Kansas City and St. Louis by way of Columbia, the seat of the University of Missouri, crosses the Missouri River just east of Boonville, and for several miles below the town the highway follows the river through a lovely countryside of rolling fields and meadows. It has now been more than thirty years since I first saw that countryside, but I clearly recall the occasion. It was around eleven o'clock on a sunny September morning in 1928, and I was driving down to Columbia from my home in Kansas City with two Kansas City friends to begin my freshman year at the university. We came through Boonville and across the bridge and down along the river. Boonville is (or was in those days) a couple of hours from Kansas City, and we had begun to run out of talk. I was sitting slumped in my seat, vacantly watching the road ahead, when a patch of pasture caught my eye. There was nothing very remarkable about it—a slope of brownish grass, a big, dusty elm, a dozen grazing sheep—but it jerked me erect in my seat. I had the feeling that I knew every foot and feature of it, that I had seen it all before. I turned and stared until it dropped away behind a bend. I was sure I had seen it before. And yet I knew I hadn't.

It was a strange and perplexing experience. It was even a little unsettling. But it was not (as I naturally thought at the time) a highly unusual one. The illusion I experienced that morning was a contrary form of amnesia that has come to be called the *déjà-vu* (literally, "already-seen") phenomenon, and it is probably the least uncommon of all temporary mental aberrations. Almost everyone has at one time or another felt its mystifying touch. A *déjà vu* much like my own is described in "Remembrance of Things Past." Proust writes, "I had just seen, standing a little way back from the steep ridge over which we were passing, three trees, probably marking the entrance to a shady avenue, which made a pattern at which I was looking now not for the first time; I could not succeed in reconstructing the place from which they had been, as it were, detached, but I felt that it had been familiar to me once." Other writers

are more explicit. "We all know the sensation of doing something or seeing something which is strangely familiar, as if we had done or seen it before," John Buchan notes in "Pilgrim's Way," his autobiography. "I had one [such] experience in South Africa. . . . I was in the bushveld going from one native village to another by a road which was just passable, and which followed a sedgy stream. I was walking ahead, and my mules and boys were about two hundred yards behind. Suddenly I found myself in a glade where the brook opened into a wide, clear pool. The place was a little amphitheatre; on my left was a thicket of wild bananas, with beyond them a big baobab, and on my right a clump of tall stinkwood trees laced together with creepers. The floor was red earth with tufts of coarse grass, and on the edge of the pool was a mat of ferns. . . . I stopped in my tracks, for I had been here before. Something had happened to me here, and was about to happen again; something had come out of the banana thicket. I knew the place as well as I knew my own doorstep. I was not exactly frightened, only curious and excited, and I stood waiting with my heart in my mouth. And then the spell broke, for my mules clattered up behind me." Tolstoy, in his memoir "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth," relates an even more elaborate encounter with *déjà vu*. "And, suddenly," he writes, "I experienced a strange feeling: I recalled that precisely what was happening then was a repetition of something that had happened with me before; that just such a rain had pattered then, and the sun went down behind the birches, and I looked at *her*, and she read, and I magnetized her, and she looked around, and I recalled that it had happened before." A *déjà vu* of still greater complexity appears in "David

Copperfield." It would seem, in fact, to represent the ultimate refinement of such sensations. It involves a double illusion—a sense not only of total recognition but also of total anticipation. "We have all some experience," Dickens says for David, "of a feeling, that comes over us occasionally, of what we are saying and doing having been said and done before, in a remote time—of our having been surrounded, dim ages ago, by the same faces, objects, and circumstances—of our knowing perfectly what will be said next, as if we suddenly remembered it! I never had this mysterious impression more strongly in my life than before he uttered those words."

Familiarity has not done much to clarify the *déjà-vu* phenomenon. Neither has a century of quickening scientific interest. There is, to be sure, a certain amount of reliable statistical information on record. According to a comprehensive study by A. H. Chapman and Ivan N. Mensh—both members of the Department of Neuropsychiatry of the Washington University School of Medicine, in St. Louis—which appeared in the *Psychiatric Quarterly Supplement* in 1951, about one person in three has had (or can remember having) the experience at least once. A few of this group have had it many times. It chiefly occurs among young adults—those between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. Education and travel seem to be predisposing factors. *Déjà vu* also appears occasionally in mental illness and in psychomotor epilepsy (where it may form a part of the aura that classically heralds a seizure), but it is not a symptom of either. The people studied by Chapman and Mensh were sane and free of brain or central-nervous-system disease. From this study and others, it seems reasonably certain that *déjà vu*, as commonly experienced, is innocuous. Its

basic nature, on the other hand, is a matter of some debate. Different investigators explain it very differently. Almost a dozen contradictory explanations are currently more or less in vogue. They range in character from the ruggedly commonsensical to the twilit transcendental. All, however, are rooted in one or the other of two fundamental assumptions. One of these supposes that the *déjà*





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vu is necessarily generated by the particular setting in which it occurs. The other takes the opposite position, considering the setting irrelevant.

The theories that stem from the latter assumption are essentially mechanistic. They attribute the *déjà vu* to a split-second disturbance in mental synthesis. The oldest attribution of this sort is based on the fact that the twin hemispheres of the cerebrum are capable of independent action. It was first proposed by a mid-nineteenth-century English

neurologist named Arthur Ladbrooke Wigan. "This delusion occurs only when the mind has been exhausted by excitement, or is from indisposition or any other cause languid, and only slightly attentive," he suggested in "The Duality of the Mind," in 1844. "The persuasion of the scene being a repetition comes on when the attention has been roused by some accidental circumstance, and we become, as the phrase is, wide awake. I believe the explanation to be this: only one brain has been used

in the immediately preceding part of the scene—the other brain has been asleep, or in an analogous state nearly approaching it. When the attention of both brains is roused to the topic, there is the same vague consciousness that the ideas have passed through the mind before which takes place on re-perusing the page we had read while thinking on some other subject. The ideas *have* passed through the mind before, and as there was not sufficient consciousness to fix them in the memory without a re-

newal, we have no means of knowing the length of time that had elapsed between the *faint* impression received by the single brain, and the *distinct* impression received by the double brain. It may seem to have been many years."

A variation of this theory explains the cerebral confusion in more psychologically energetic terms. It substitutes for the briefly dozing brain a briefly heightened perception. Its basis—as was originally emphasized by Théodule Ribot, a leading French psychologist of the late nineteenth century—is the observation that in successful recollection the remembered object (person, place, or thing) returns for mental scrutiny as an image of the actual impression. In *déjà vu*, Ribot proposed in "Diseases of Memory," the image follows so closely on the heels of perception that the mind somehow mistakes impression for reproduction. "The image is very intense and of the nature of a hallucination," he wrote. "It imposes itself upon the mind as a reality. Hence, the real impression is relegated to a secondary place as a recollection; it is localized in the past. . . . This illusory state does not efface the real impression, but, as it is

detached from it [and] produced by it, it appears as a second experience. It appears to us more recent than the other, as indeed it is."

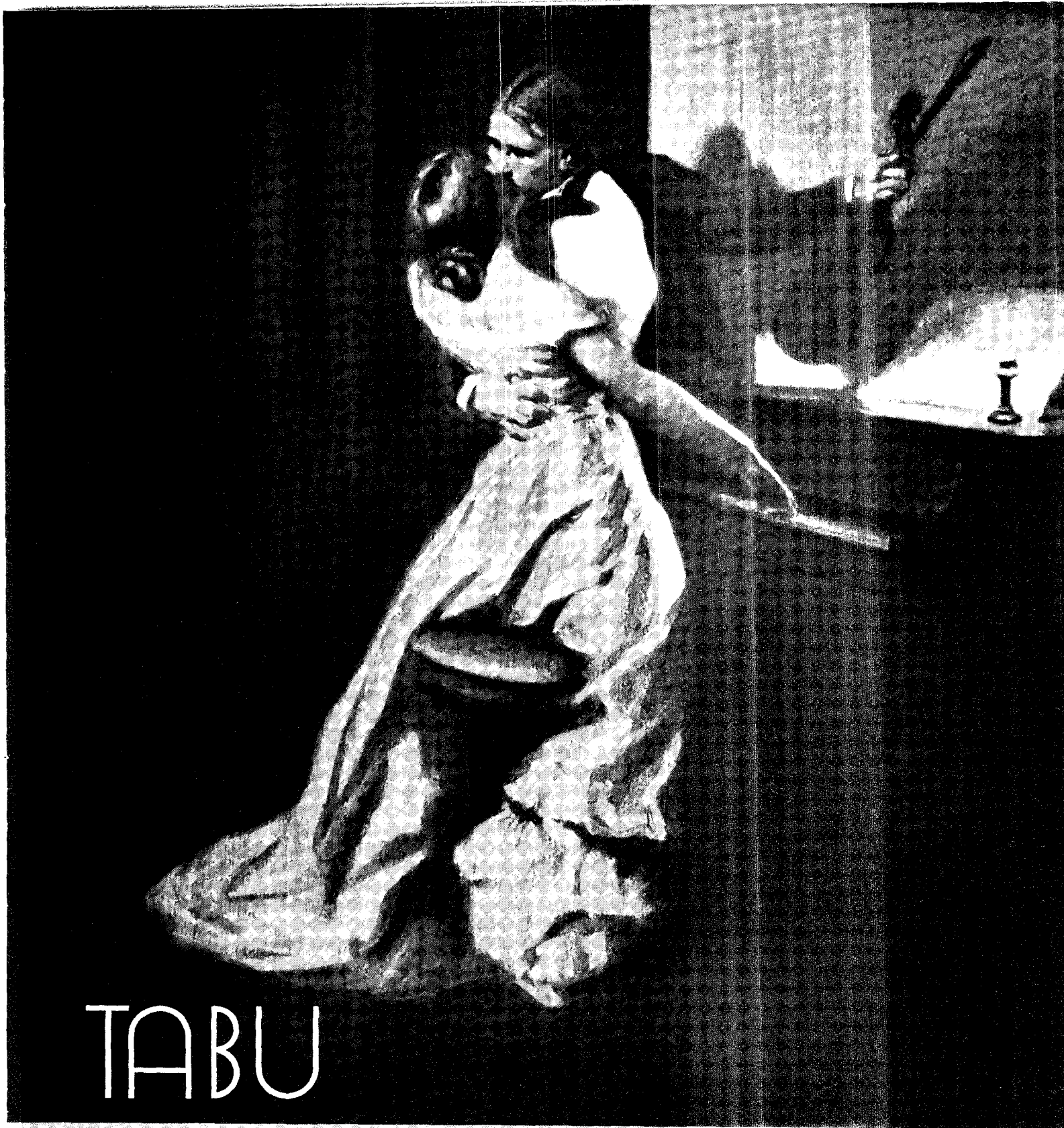
A less ingenious variation on the theme first sounded by Wigan dispenses with both the lagging hemisphere and the lightning image. It depicts *déjà vu* as a product simply of mental fatigue. The mind is for a moment too slack to distinguish between the new and the old, the present and the past. "It is inattention, failure of apperception, defective association of the mental contents which make [the phenomenon] possible," Havelock Ellis, an influential advocate of this interpretation, noted in "The World of Dreams." "The mind has for the moment become flaccid and enfeebled; its loosened texture has, as it were, abnormally enlarged the meshes in which sensations are caught and sifted, so that they run through too easily. In other words, they are not properly *apperceived*. . . . The impressions of the world which are actual sensations as they strike the relaxed psychic meshwork are instantaneously passed through to become memories." Ellis goes on to summarize the views of the French

psychologist Michel Léon-Kindberg as they appeared in a report on "Le Sentiment du Déjà Vu" in the *Revue de Psychiatrie* in 1903: "There is an absence of mental attention, of the effort of synthesis necessary to grasp an actual occurrence, which is, therefore, perceived with the same facility as a memory not requiring synthesis, with the resulting illusion that it is a memory."

JUST why *déjà vu* should typically strike in an unfamiliar setting (my Missouri pasture, Proust's three distinctive trees, Buchan's South African pool) has not yet been explained by those who lay the phenomenon to a fortuitous impairment of sensory correlation. Nor has the nature of the force that thus quiets or quickens or enfeebles the mind. Those who take the view that the setting produces the *déjà vu* are spared these awkward questions. The only question they must answer is why it looks familiar. They do so in a variety of ways, but on one point there is general agreement—that the familiarity of the setting springs from an actual memory. The plainest expression of this view asserts that the experience (or one much like it) has occurred before. No more is involved in *déjà vu* than a simple lapse of memory. The memory may be lightly blocked—a mere tip-of-the-tongue constriction. Or, as in a case described by the celebrated early-nineteenth-century Scottish physician John Abercrombie (in "Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers"), it may lie deeply buried: "A lady in the last stage of a chronic disease was carried from London to a lodging in the country; there her infant daughter was taken to visit her, and, after a short interview, carried back to town. The lady died a few days after, and the daughter grew up without any recollection of her mother till she was of mature age. At this time, she happened to be taken into the room in which her mother died, without knowing it to have been so; she started on entering it, and, when a friend who was along with her asked the cause of her agitation, she replied, 'I have a distinct impression of having been in this room before, and that a lady, who lay in that corner and seemed very ill, leaned over me and wept.'" William James is one of those to whom *déjà vu* appears in this unambiguous light. His judgment, which he handed down in "The Principles of Psychology," is characteristically direct. "There is a curious experience which everyone seems to have had," he wrote. "[It is] the feeling that the present moment in its completeness has been experienced before—we were saying just



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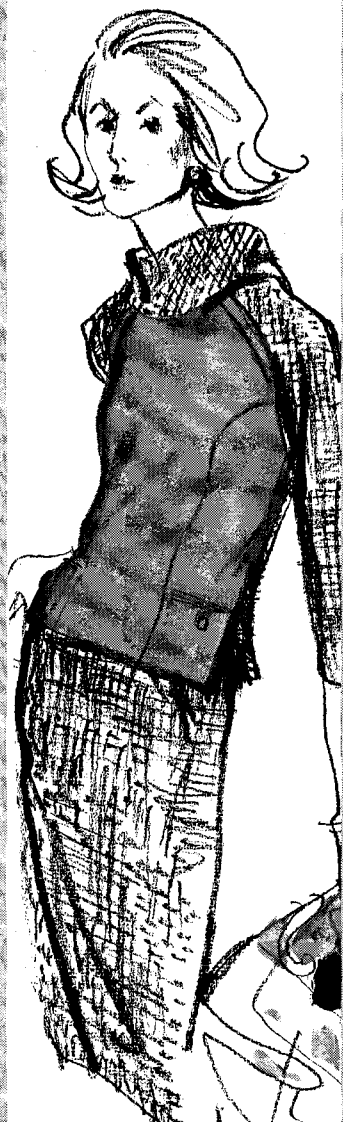


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this thing, in just this place, to just these people, etc. This 'sense of pre-existence' has been treated as a great mystery and occasioned much speculation. . . . I must confess that the quality of mystery seems to me a little strained. I have over and over again in my own case succeeded in resolving the phenomenon into a case of memory, so indistinct that whilst some past circumstances are presented again, the others are not. The dissimilar portions of the past do not arise completely enough at first for the date to be identified. All we get is the present scene with a general suggestion of pastness about it. . . . It is noteworthy that just as soon as the past context grows complete and distinct, the emotion of weirdness fades from the experience."

James is not alone in noting that victims of *déjà vu* feel something more poignant than surprise and confusion. An emotion of weirdness is generally recognized as an almost invariable aftermath of a true *déjà-vu* experience. He is alone, however, in construing it as evidence in support of a pragmatic explanation of the phenomenon. It is usually considered a refutation of that theory. "In any case," Havelock Ellis concluded his review of the matter in "The World of Dreams," "he [the victim] is liable to an emotion of distress which would scarcely be caused by the coincidence of resemblance with a real previous experience." Ellis's opinion is fully shared by the English neurologist Sir James Crichton-Browne. "The thought that is of the essence of the state is transient and vanishes before it can be grasped," he observed in a report in the *Lancet* in 1895. "It is often connected with circumstances of the most commonplace or trivial description—Oliver Wendell Holmes says it used to occur to a poor student when he was blacking his boots—and yet it startles as if it were a flash of revelation, and leaves behind it a sense of solemnity and doubt. Those who are visited by it know well that it is no ordinary reminiscence, no error of memory, no mere poetical fancy, but an absolute identification of the present with the past." And R. W. Pickford, professor of psychology at the University of Glasgow, writing in the *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis* in 1944, adds: "*Déjà vu* . . . involves a strange feeling of perplexity, a remainder, as it were, left over by the [victim's attempt at] rationalization."

The other theories of *déjà vu* that relate it to an actual memory accept the presence of a strong residual emotion as inherent in the nature of the experience. For in none of them is the memory in-

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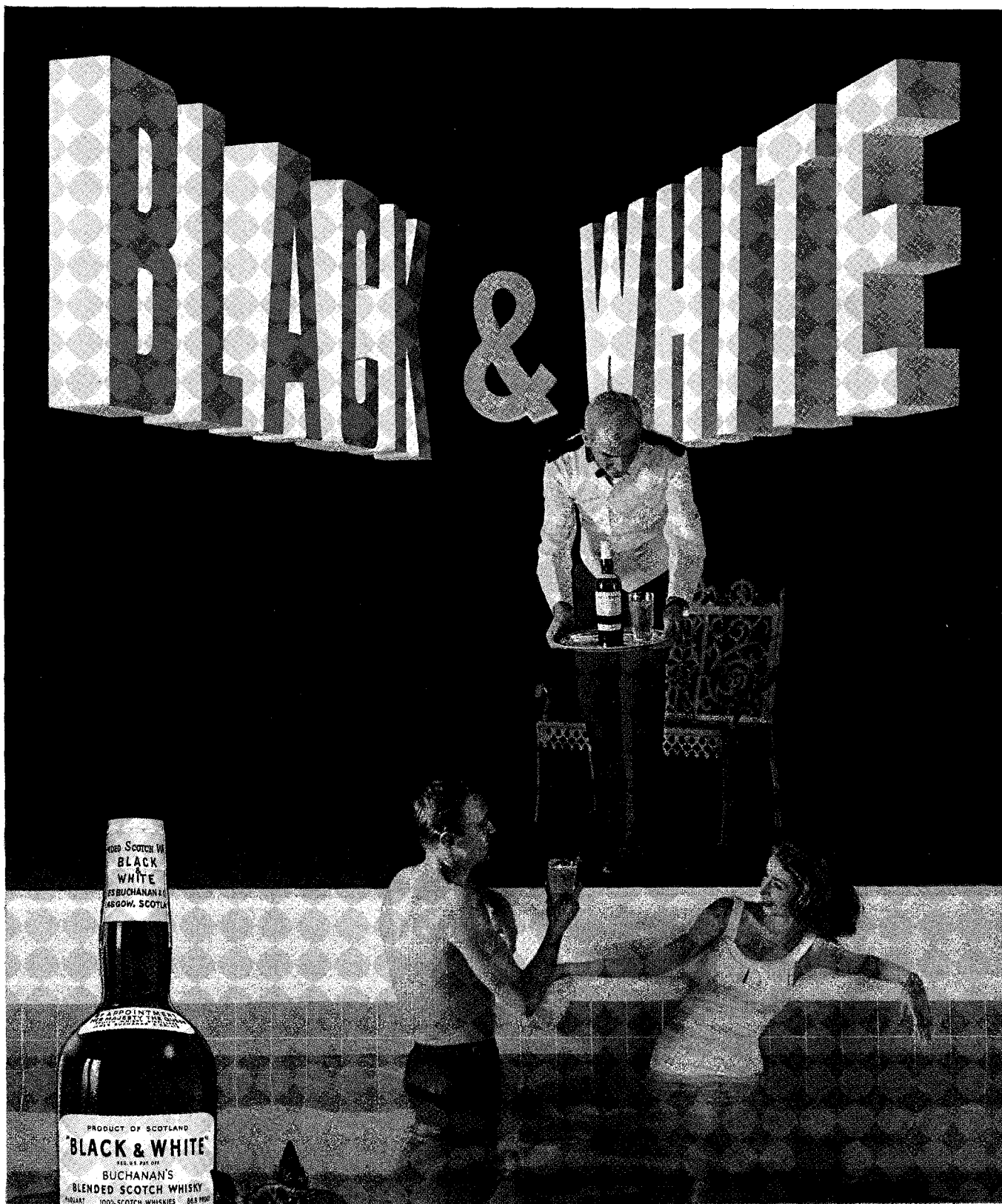
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volved a memory of ordinary quality. It is always a memory too darkly derived for an easy, unruffled acceptance. The darkest explanation is also the oldest of the many that man has contrived. It suggests that *déjà vu* is a memory of a memory—a glimpse of an earlier state of existence. The Greek metaphysician Pythagoras, of the sixth century B.C., who saw himself as the reincarnation of Euphorbus, a thirteenth-century physician and veteran of the Trojan War, was persuaded to do so by a shock of recognition involving Euphorbus's shield, and it is possible that this experience contributed to the belief in the transmigration of souls that lies at the heart of Pythagoreanism. It is certain that other religious or philosophical systems embracing the concept of metempsychosis (Egyptian spiritism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Platonism, the cabalistic interpretation of the Bible, Swedenborgianism, theosophy) have found in *déjà vu* an apparently conclusive demonstration of that conviction. So have many independent thinkers, among them Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In a poem called "Sudden Light," he concludes:

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,—
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore.

An interpretation of *déjà vu* that combines the supernatural with an uncanny anticipation of Lysenkoan genetics is also on record. It was placed there by F. W. H. Myers, a founder of the London Society for Psychical Research, in 1903. "If it were found," he wrote in "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," "that a child that was descended from a line of seafaring ancestors, and that had never itself seen or heard of the dark-gleaming sea, manifested a feeling of recognition when first beholding it, we might be pretty sure that such a thing as recollection of prenatal events does take place." Or, in plainer words, that memories may be transmitted by heredity.

THE memories that shape the other theories of *déjà vu*, though hidden and out of ordinary reach, are somewhat less remote. They at least reflect the rememberer's own experience. Three explanations involving such memories are in general circulation. One of these



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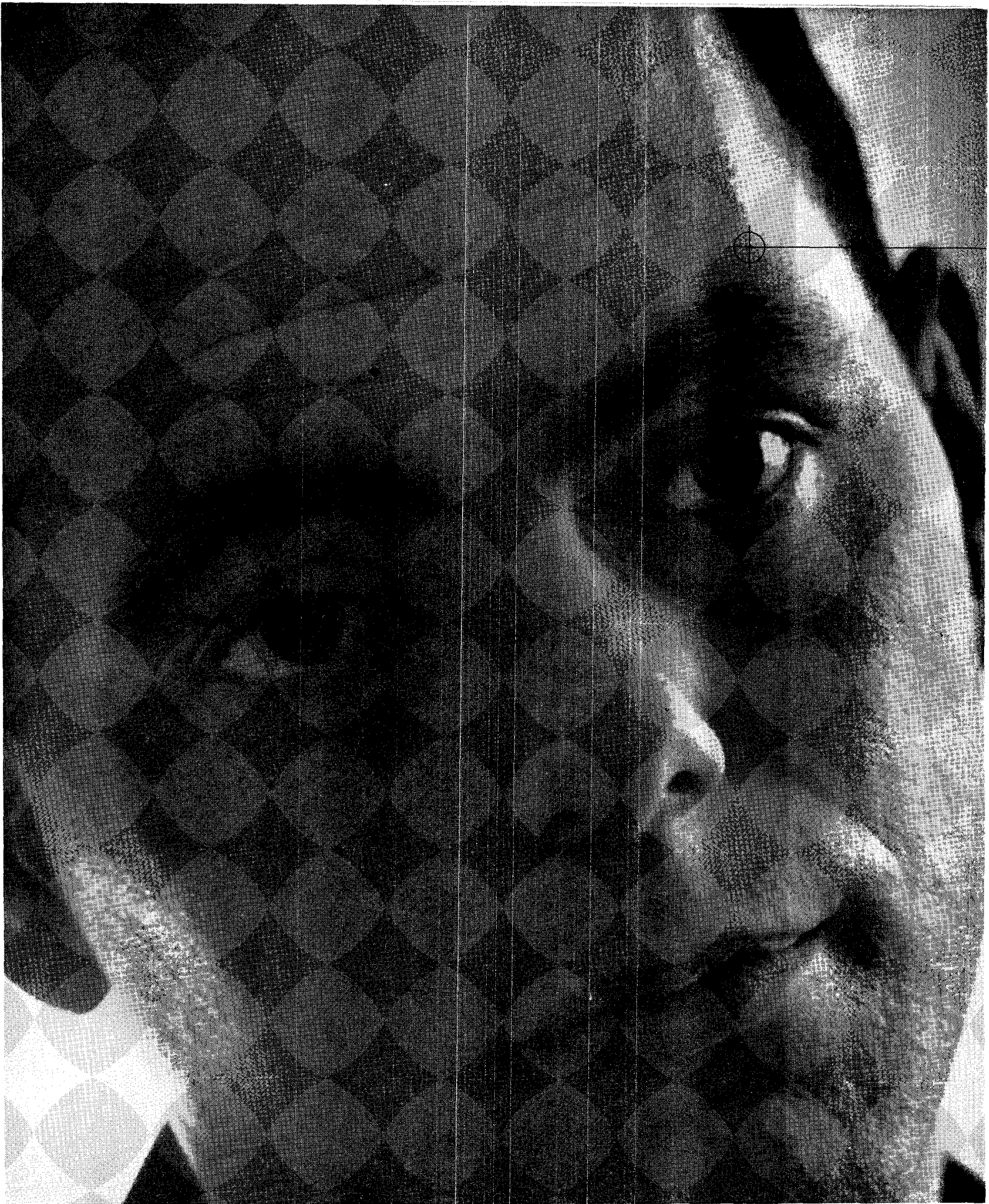
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proposes that the memory is a dream memory—as in “The Trouble Makers,” a novel by Celia Fremlin: “For a moment her wits completely left her. Just as in her dream, the shabby fawn raincoat drooped from sloping shoulders.” Another sees it as a day-dream memory—the memory of a reverie, or, more particularly, the memory of some graphically imagined scene or setting, as in “Where Three Empires Meet,” an account of a journey through the western Himalayas, by E. F. Knight: “It all, in a way, seemed so familiar to me. Surely I had somewhere, long ago, lived amid this curious people and in such a weird land as this—but when and where? . . . [Then] I remembered that when a small boy I had read ‘Gulliver’s Travels,’ and that the voyage to the flying island of Laputa had made a great impression on my imagination. I had conjured up that kingdom to my mind [as] just such a perspectiveless, artificial, unreal-looking land as this; and just such a people as these queer Ladakis had those no more queer people, the Laputans, appeared to my fancy.”

The third concept of *déjà vu* sees it as a product of an unconscious memory—this being, of course, a psychoanalytic theory. It was first advanced by the French neuropathologist Joseph Grasset, in a contribution to the *Journal de Psychologie* entitled “La Sensation du ‘Déjà Vu,’” in 1904. In the same year, in “The Psychopathology of Everyday Life,” Sigmund Freud, whose discovery of the unconscious had made the theory possible, came independently to a more comprehensive version of the same idea. Grasset traced *déjà vu* to the unconscious existence of a memory. The phenomenon occurs, he suggested, when the subterranean memory is jolted into consciousness by the impact of a new experience that closely resembles it. Freud fully agreed (“In such moments, something is really touched that we have already experienced, only we cannot consciously recall the latter because it never was conscious”), but he went further. It seemed to him that the presence of the memory in the unconscious needed explanation. The reason, he decided, was that it was too frightful for the conscious mind to bear. It had, in consequence, been firmly shackled by the mental-hygiene mechanism that he chose to call repression. He cited from his files an illustrative case: “A woman of thirty-seven years asserted that she most distinctly remembered that at the age of twelve and a half she paid her first visit to some school

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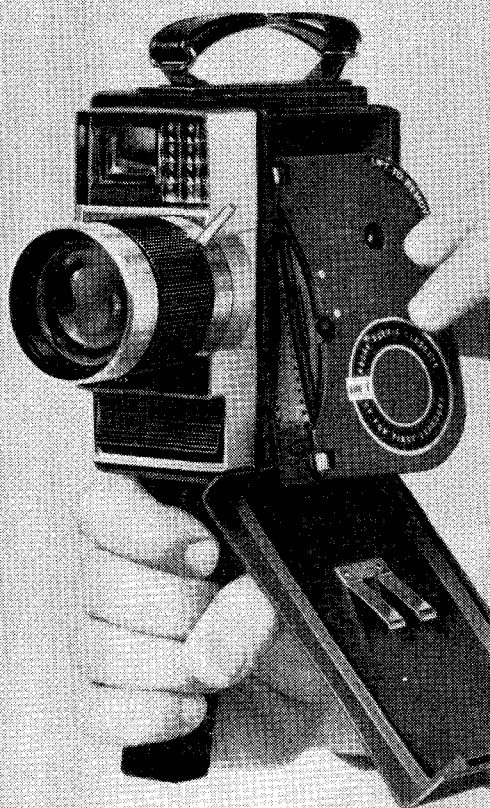
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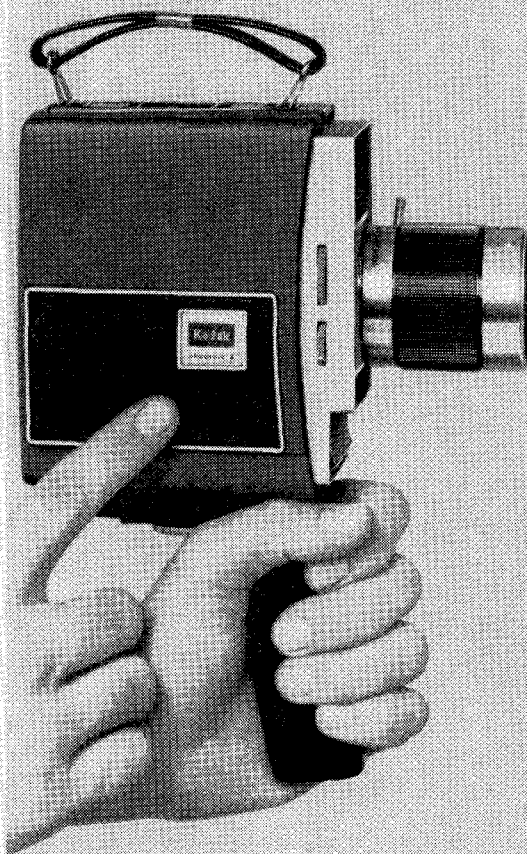
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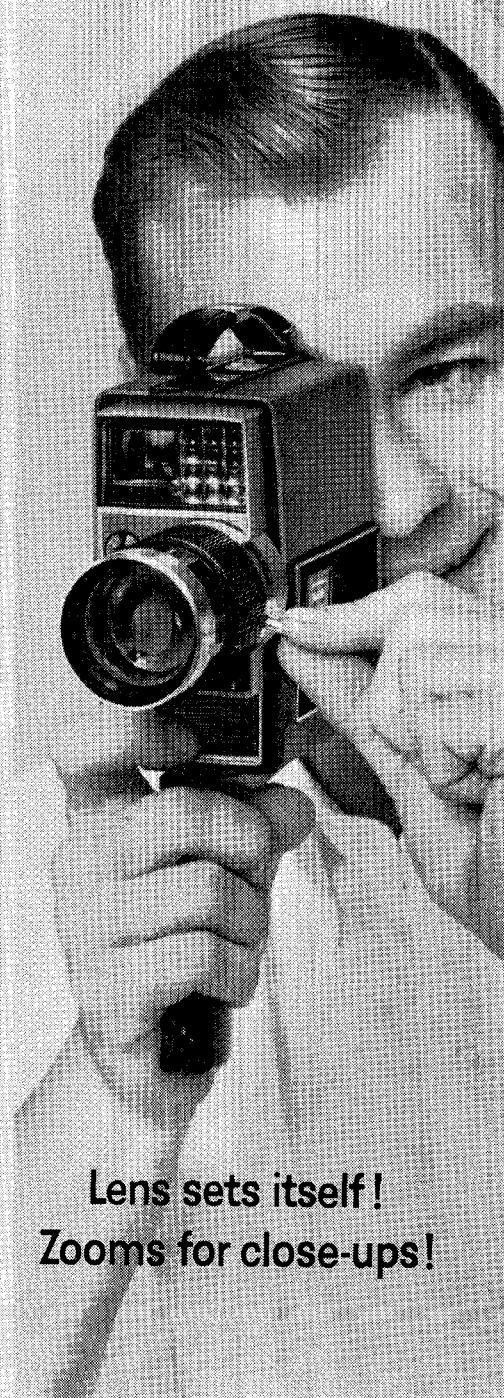
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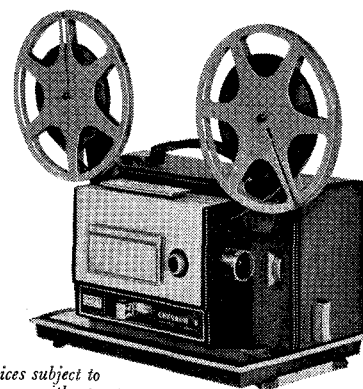


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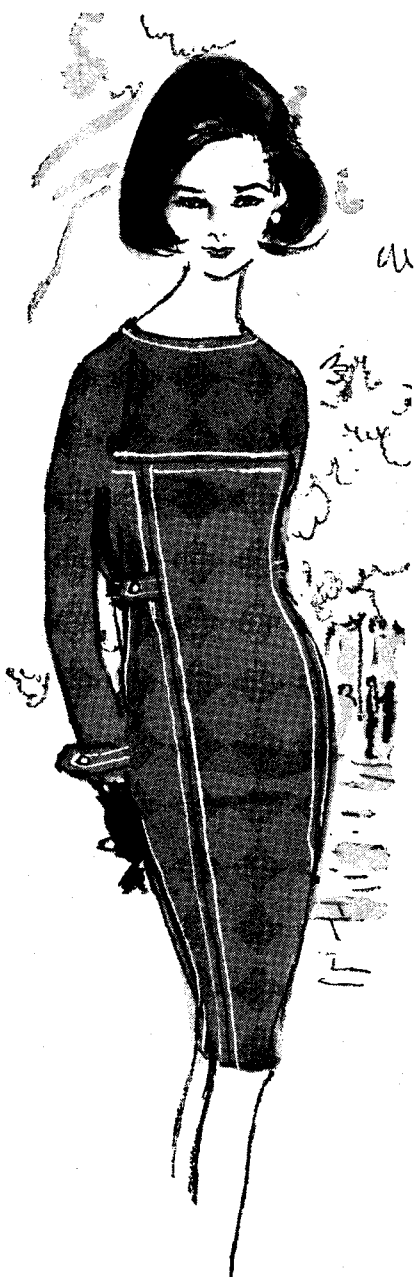
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friends in the country, and as she entered the garden, she immediately had the feeling of having been there before. This feeling was repeated as she went through the living rooms, so that she believed she knew beforehand how big the next room was, what views one could have on looking out of it, etc. But the belief that this feeling of recognition might have its source in a previous visit to the house and garden, perhaps a visit paid in earliest childhood, was absolutely excluded and disproved by statements from her parents. The woman who related this sought no psychologic explanation, but saw in the appearance of this feeling a prophetic reference to the importance which these friends later assumed in her emotional life." A review of the circumstances surrounding the experience enabled Freud to see it differently: "When she decided on visiting her schoolmates, she knew that these girls had an only brother who was then seriously ill. . . . But it happened that her own only brother had had a serious attack of diphtheria some months before, and during his illness she had lived for weeks with relatives far from her parental home. . . . To the initiated, it will not be difficult to conclude from these indications that the expectation of her brother's death had played a great part in the girl's mind at that time, and that either it never became conscious or it was more energetically repressed after the favorable issue of the illness. . . . She found the analogous situation in her friends' home; their only brother was in danger of an early death. . . . She might have consciously remembered that she had lived through a similar situation a few months previous, but instead of recalling what was inhibited through repression, she transferred the memory feeling to the locality, to the garden and the house, and merged it into the *fausse reconnaissance*, namely, that she had already seen everything exactly as it was." But why did the memory of her brother's illness require repression? Freud considered the question, and then produced an answer: "From the fact of the repression, we may conclude that the former expectation of the death of her brother was not far from evincing the character of a wish-phantasy. She would then have become the only child."

It was Freud's original impression that the unconscious memory projected in *déjà vu* could be only that of an unconscious fantasy. In time, however, he modified this assumption. He allowed himself to be persuaded (largely by the Hungarian neurologist Sandor Ferenczi) that buried memories of dream experiences, and even those of conscious

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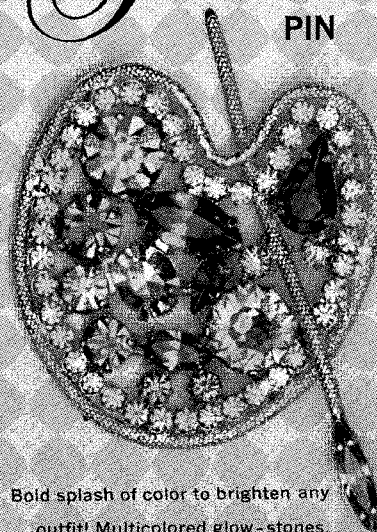
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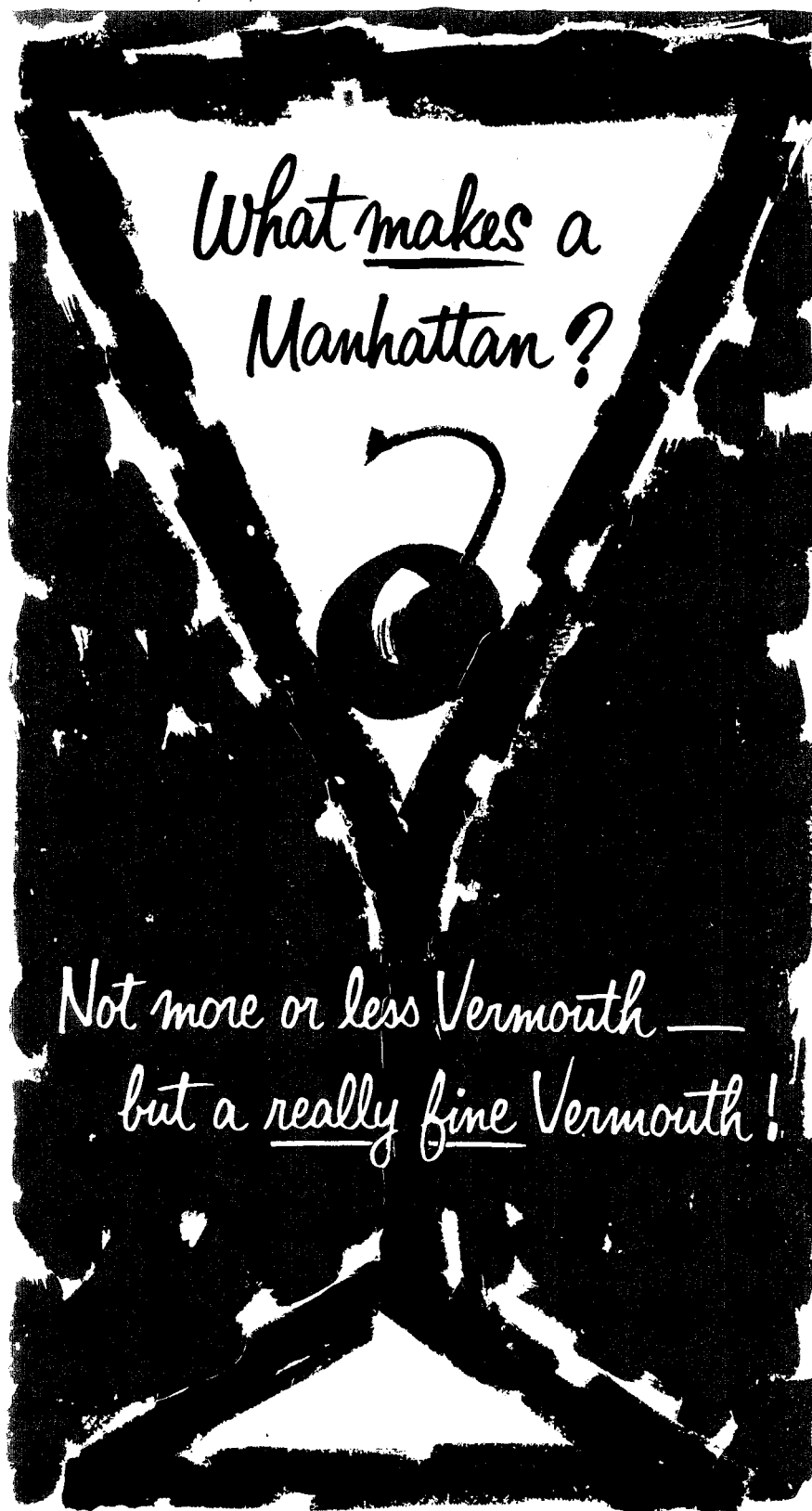
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fantasies, might reasonably be added to the list of precipitating factors.

The current psychoanalytic explanation of *déjà vu* differs from Freud's in one important respect. It has a more Freudian structure. Its scheme embodies the strictest possible interpretation of his doctrine of psychic determinism—that nothing in the life of the mind is arbitrary or accidental. Most contemporary psychoanalysts envision *déjà vu* as a doubly purposive phenomenon. It performs, they feel, both a defensive and a therapeutic role. The primary function of *déjà vu*, as psychoanalytically construed, is to prevent the emergence into consciousness of an intolerable memory. To this extent, it is merely a variation of the vigilant distorting mirror—known to Freud as screen, or substitute, memory—that always returns a flattering image of the past. But it also, and uniquely, has a secondary task. That is to simultaneously block a more immediate threat to emotional tranquillity. In addition, the psychoanalytic theory holds, this immediate threat—a more or less conscious anxiety engendered by some impending challenge—is an essential ingredient of *déjà vu*. It sets the phenomenon in motion. There is something about the new anxiety, some associational link or likeness, that recalls the old anxiety. The forbidden memory stirs, and drifts upward toward awareness. At this point, however, the ego intervenes. The defense it employs is an act of legerdemain that creates the *déjà-vu* illusion. It searches the external world for a scene that bears a symbolic resemblance to the emerging memory. When one is found (or, if need be, fabricated), the ego artfully endows it with the memory's patina of age. It then thrusts it upon the expectant conscious mind as an innocuous counterfeit. Meanwhile, on another level, the associative link between the repressed memory and the currently threatening anxiety has the



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effect of blurring the reality of the latter. A new deception now occurs. The new anxiety, too, takes on the feeling of a past experience, and from this a sense of reassurance arises. "[*Déjà vu*] constitutes a defense reaction against future danger or unpleasantness, as well as against the anxiety associated with the memory of an undefined, unsolved experience which is originally responsible for the reaction," C. P. Oberndorf, clinical professor of psychiatry at the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, noted in a report in the *Psychiatric Quarterly* in 1941. "It serves to reassure the individual that he is not venturing into an entirely new field. . . . He now appreciates that the situation is not too greatly fraught with danger in the immediate future, since he has been in it, heard it, smelled it before, and has survived." A wartime observation by Louis Linn, an attending psychiatrist at Mount Sinai Hospital and a lecturer in community psychiatry at Columbia University, offers a certain clinical confirmation of this secondary function. Linn has reported that American soldiers in Italy frequently experienced *déjà vu* while passing through a strange town or village on the way to battle. Individual talks with the men led to the conclusion that they were unconsciously relating their present situation to some previous experience from which they had emerged unharmed. (The psychoanalytic explanation of *déjà-vu* sensations in the aura of epilepsy stresses the reassuring aspect of the phenomenon. It may be, Jacob A. Arlow, a psychiatrist and a faculty member of the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, suggests in "The Structure of the *Déjà Vu* Experience," which appeared in the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association* in 1959, that "such *déjà vu* phenomena represent the psychic response to the awareness of an imminent seizure, namely, the ego's attempt at reassurance in the face of the knowledge that the patient is about to experience a convulsion.") Nevertheless, psychoanalytic theory concedes that the mind's acceptance of these subliminal benefactions is not entirely painless. There is always a certain discomfort. Something of the repressed anxiety invariably breaks through the defensive labyrinth and strikes a glancing blow. It is this ambiguous wound that gives to *déjà vu* its prickly aftermath.

I SPENT four academic years and a late-summer session at the University of Missouri. In the course of my

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stay, I travelled Highway 40 at least a dozen times a year. My *déjà-vu* pasture became a familiar sight. I saw it in all seasons and in every kind of weather, and it quickly lost its strange, unsettling quality. I came, in fact, to recognize it with an almost proprietary pleasure. And I think of it now with nostalgia. —BERTON ROUECHÉ

SUNNY DAYS ALONG THE BLACK SEA COAST

[A notice posted on a beach at Sochi, on the Soviet Black Sea coast. Printed in Russian and English—English version hereunder]

SOLAR BATHS

1. The best time for sun tan is in the morning. For the more weak and aged people it is better to take solar baths till 11 o'clock in the morning or after 4 in the afternoon.

2. Duration of 1st bath should be 5-10 minutes. For the next bath time may be prolonged 5 minutes over up to 1 hour and only for the most healthy people up to 2 hours. More prolonged solar baths are harmful even dangerous.

3. After solar bath one should stay 10-15 minutes in the shade and only after that swim or shower.

4. To take solar baths on an empty stomach or immediately after meal is not recommended.

5. Solar baths one should take assuming a horizontal position with the feet towards the sun.

6. To sleep or to read while taking solar bath is not recommended.

7. It is prohibited to take solar baths when intoxicated inasmuch as that affects human health gravely.

8. When being tired one should rest for 2 hours and only after that to take solar baths.

9. When the first symptoms of burning appeared (the skin turned red or it is painful) the solar baths should be stopped.

SEA BATHINGS

1. After solar baths one should rest 10-15 minutes in the shade, and after that one can swim.

2. Bathing is recommended when the temperature of the water is 18° C (68° Fahr) and the temperature of the water is 20° C (68° Fahr), and only healthy people should bathe when the temperature is lower by 2-3 degrees.

3. The duration of bathing should not be longer than 4-5 minutes up to 15-20 minutes. It is harmful to bathe longer.

4. It is recommended not to bathe more than twice a day and then have a good rub-down followed by rest 15-20 minutes in the shade.

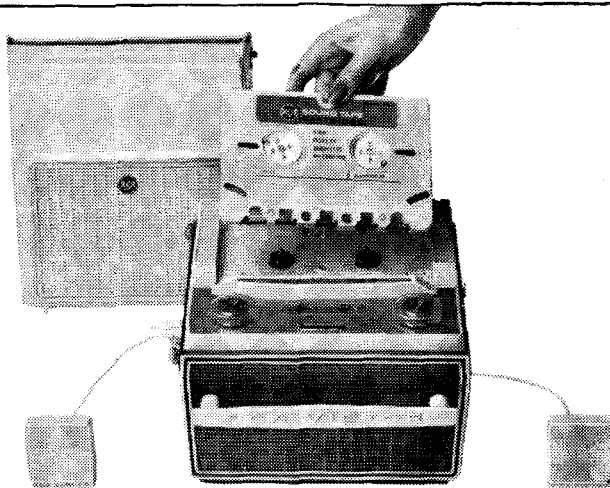
5. It is not allowed to bathe when intoxicated.

6. When feverish ailments and inclination to faints takes place the bathing is not recommended.

7. When the waving of the sea is more than 2-3 balls the bathing is not allowed.

8. To cross the limitation marks when swimming is not allowed.

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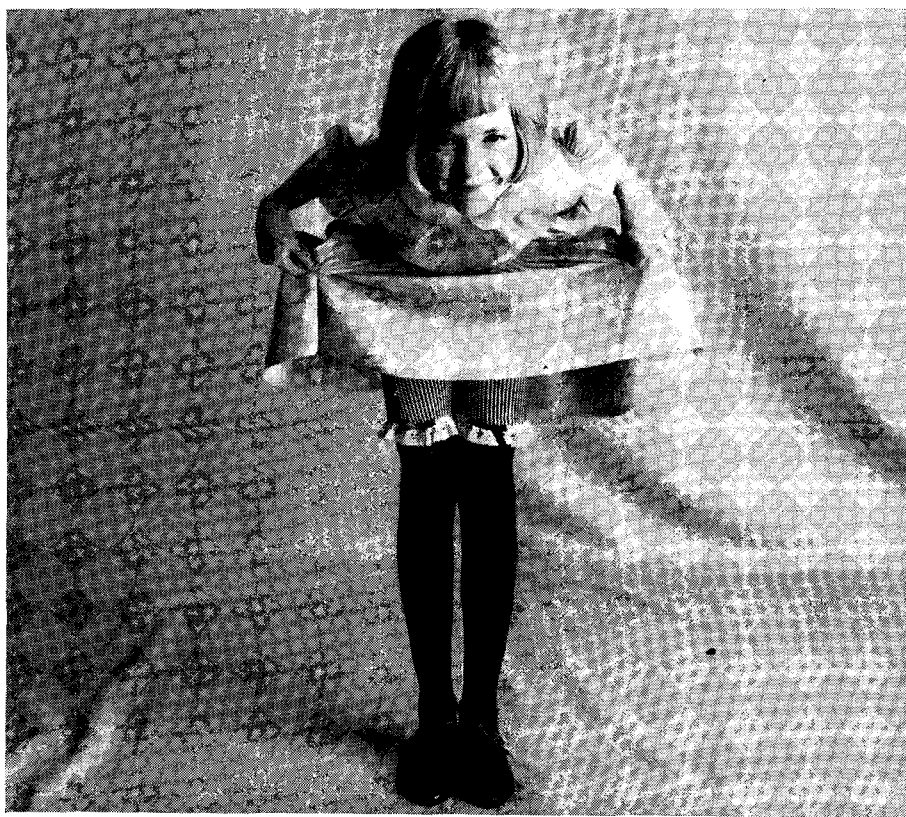
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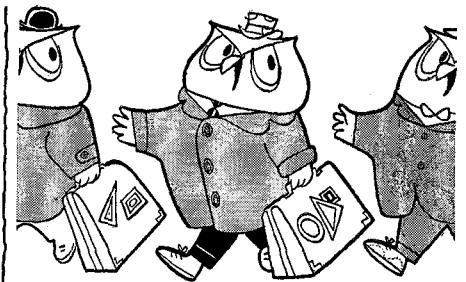
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Noble and Ignoble



NOBLE savagery is on the way up. In Leeds and in Wakefield, in Richard Hoggarth's Grimsby and Alan Sillitoe's bleak northern Borstals, the English middle classes have discovered a haughty proletarian barbarism in the light of which white-collar society stands fittingly condemned. Or so one is led to believe by the current hootenanny of social realism. Scowling factory hands and pantherish mechanics are the envied Masai of these *tristes tropiques*. Their gruff pride and surly independence of spirit fill an aching void for a class that has somewhere lost confidence in its own reality and vigor. Even the philanthropic meanness of some of the main characters in social-realist films (their abrupt violence, thunderbolt tantrums, and so on), far from qualifying the savages' nobility, actually helps on the romantic fiction, darkening the portrait with a presumably admirable brutishness. More recently, with "Sparrows Can't Sing," Joan Littlewood annexed London's East End to the jungle provinces, and now, with Ken Hughes' "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Soho, too, has been absorbed. All these films are strenuously colorful, conspicuously "shot on location," and, to quote Robert Lowell, "sensationally sober." For these are the films that repvingly introduce England to its other half, setting up a frieze of folkways for the flabby old middle class, and stinging it, supposedly, to a frenzied sense of loss. The crowd usually includes brassy tarts with hearts of gold, and a gnarled Bruegel chorus of low types chattering away in the hip Hotentot patois of the lower depths. Now there are also Jews, who have suddenly found dubious Uncle Tom employment as the shrugging ironists of Cockney social realism.

In "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley plays Sammy, a faint, facetious comedian who m.c.s one of those grimy little strip shows that while away the afternoons on Greek Street. Sammy, who is a compulsive and unfortunate gambler, welshes on a debt and runs off into a



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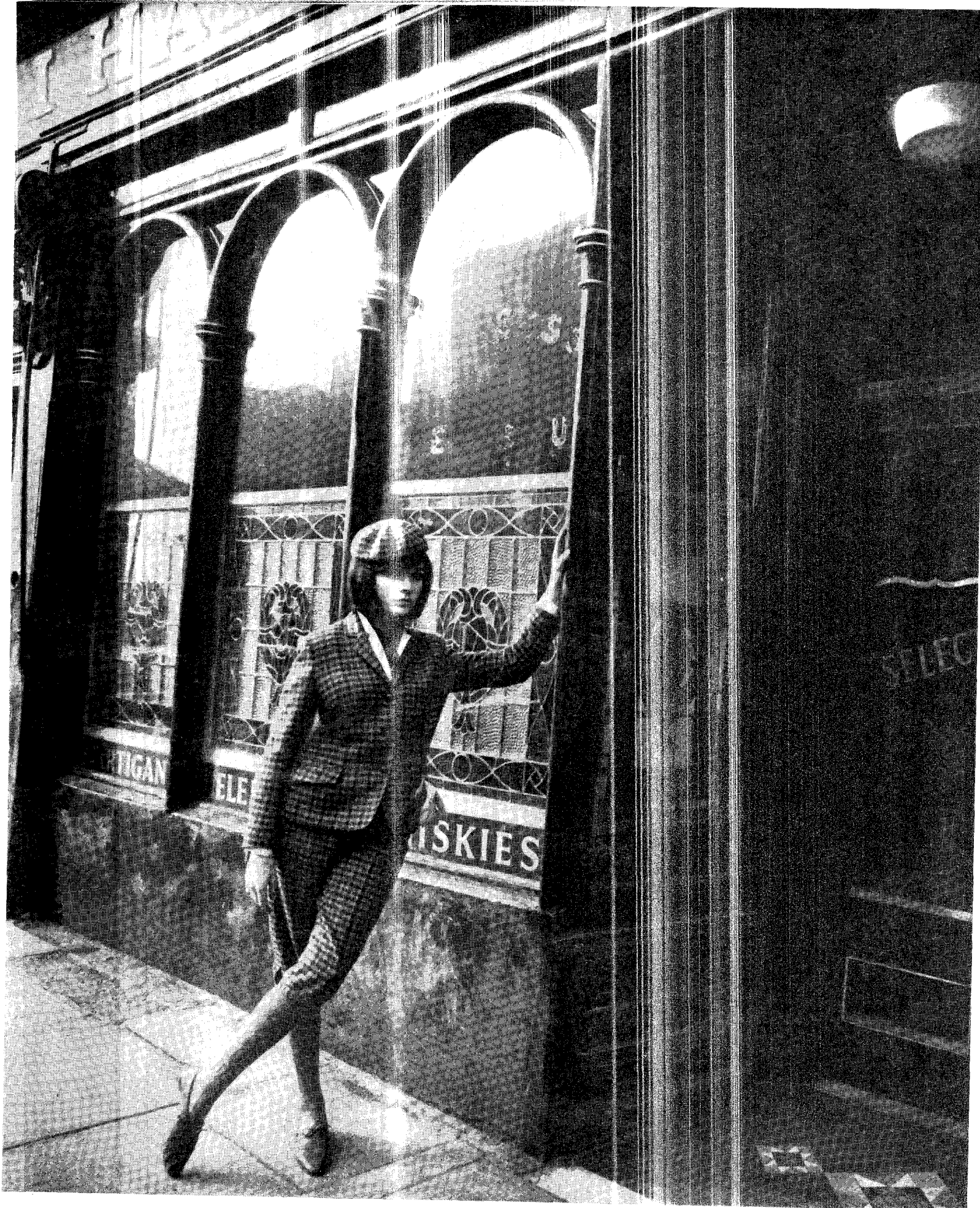


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spiral of hastily improvised deals, hoping in the course of a few hours to scrape up enough of the folding stuff to escape the rugged "cure" that ordinarily faces the delinquent speculator. On the whole, the movie is unbearably dull, plonking its way with deliberation toward a tendentiously inconclusive climax. The episodes are spaced with conventional monotony, and each scene fades, quite predictably, on a mournful reaction shot as some sadder and wiser character wryly shakes his head at Sammy's departing back. It's all too prim, somehow, and too naïvely sardonic. The film's fatal innocence shows up by comparison with Alexander Mackendrick's "Sweet Smell of Success," which had a knowing malice and high satirical attack, without which such a story collapses into a shapeless jelly of pathos that no amount of gaunt local detail can stiffen. Still, Mr. Newley puts up a good show. Wearing a clown's mask of provisional gaiety, he goes after his shoddy deals with an ingratiating, falsetto courtesy. Sometimes, though, he is too sweet, and he is lumbered with some dreadful reflective soliloquies—shades, one suspects, of his alter ego, Mr. Littlechap. Miriam Karlin, as his grimly unhelpful sister-in-law, is less raucous and folksy than usual, and grinds out her refusal of financial aid in a voice of finest carborundum. For all its claims to unflinching realism, this movie is right in the mainstream of the English sentimental tradition. Furthermore, it is unrelieved by a single flight of cinematic fancy.

A LEOPARD—rampant in the Salina family crest—paces with gentle and symbolic ferocity throughout Giuseppe di Lampedusa's historical elegy. It dramatizes the fading continuity of a dwindling aristocratic line—a *faux* device that invigorates the failing pride of an ancient dynasty before its last members are blown away, like the spectre of the Brocken, by the winds of social change. In Luchino Visconti's "The Leopard," based on the novel, this stylish zoological cipher, so essential to the mood of wistful irony, is missing, and its omission seems to epitomize the failure of Visconti's literary imagination. Without the leopard, or at least some symbolic counterpart, the film loses the novel's vital theme of despairing traditionalism. Instead of this we have a spectacular display of painterly, operatic décor. The picture is opulently embossed with visual effects—triptych upon diptych of ravishingly appro-



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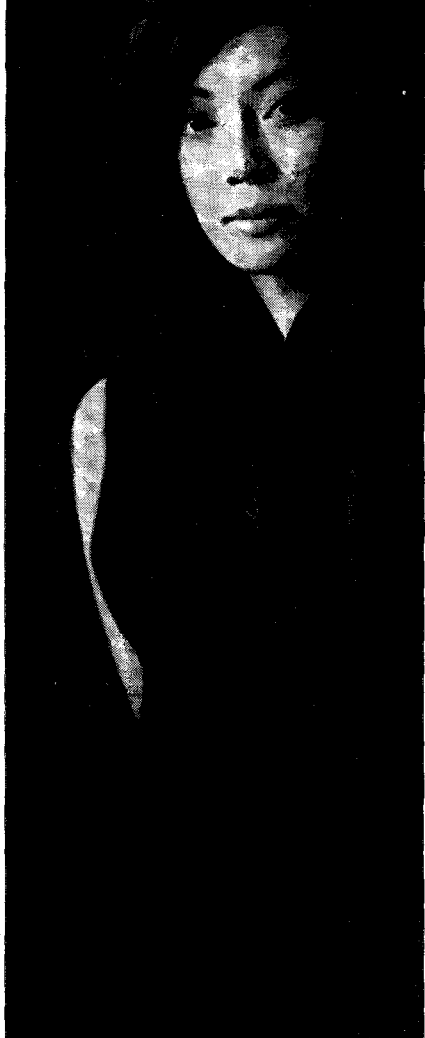
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priate period reproductions. The rich turbulence of a revolutionary scene by Delacroix gives way to the static, sal-low grandeur of a tableau by Manet. Crinolines and parasols group and re-group across the shimmering terraces. Sombre compositions of faces and furniture take form. But it is all a folio of loose color plates, held together only by a confused, wooden narrative and by a hideously dubbed dialogue that is brash and overexplicit. Of course, the book itself is subtly inlaid with physical details (these, though, controlled by the theme), so in some happy mnemonic fashion the visual perfection of each Visconti scene prompts the imagination to supply whatever is missing. This is film-making by proxy—an expensive and unnecessary confidence trick that relies on the audience's having read the book, and, by piling up elaborate cues, leaves the spectator to carry out for himself the narrative work of the director. In one scene alone, Visconti shows what he might have done had he had the courage to dump his cargo of spice and silk in favor of a pinch of yeast. At Mass in the family chapel, the Salinas, dusty after a long journey taken to escape the revolution, line up in their pews and fall into immobile postures of weariness and piety. The camera tracks down this row of faces, and for a moment one sees them, blanched into marble, enacting their own imminent extinction.

The film is clumsily cast. Burt Lancaster, as the Prince, is muzzled by whiskers and clearly stunned by the importance of his role. Alain Delon, as his nephew, Tancredi, is an irritating popinjay, and Claudia Cardinale, as his lowborn, buxom bride, drifts through the picture with irrelevant voluptuousness. There are some astounding errors of taste as well. Don Calogero is unfeelingly dismissed as a loud-mouthed Tammany boss, which shatters the illusion of a serious contest between the two social orders, and Visconti projects him into scenes of unbelievably leaden farce. All in all, a sad, luxurious failure.

—JONATHAN MILLER

I expect we have a few less readers these days, since July and August seem to be the most popular months for vacation to answer the "call of the wild" popular months for vavH UMF f'latK'J HWwi'ldeET clh'cmfw and head for the highways.

—Lucile Krueger in the Hebron (Neb.) Journal-Register.

See you in September.

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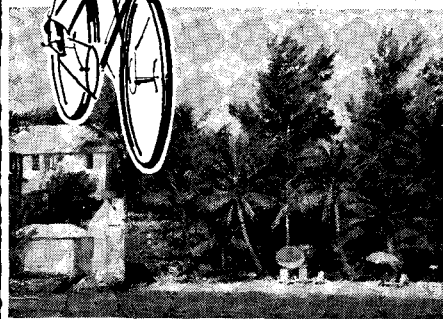
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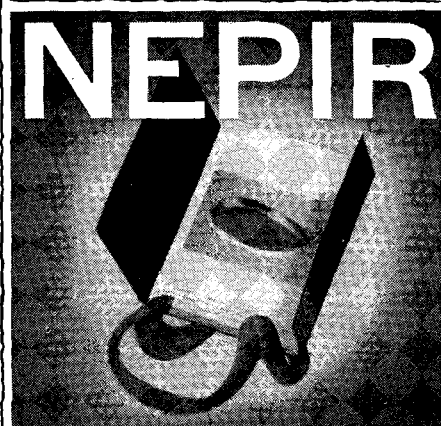
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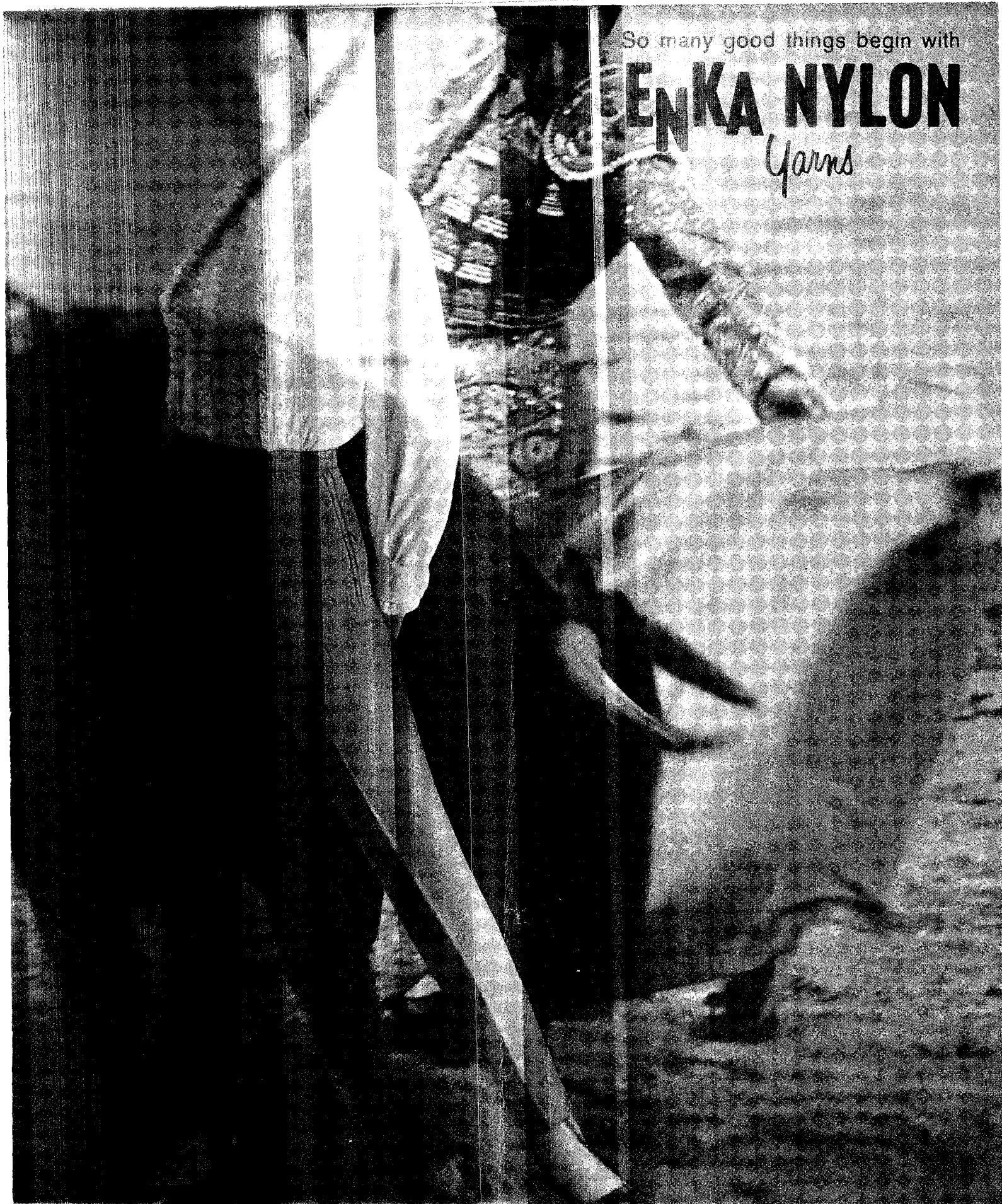
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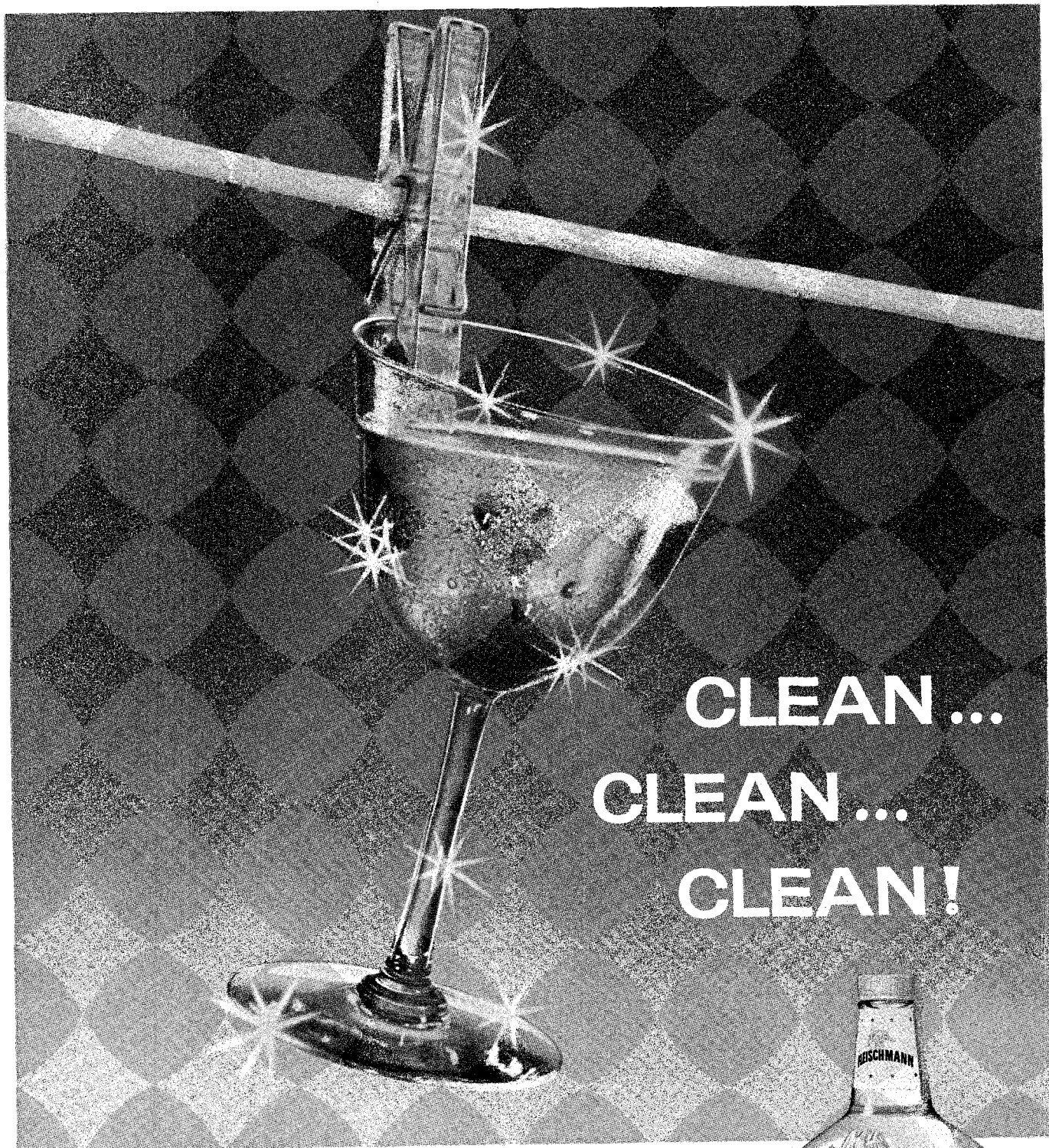
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LETTER FROM PARIS

AUGUST 6



SINCE the first of this week, Paris has been what is annually called empty, about two million of its three million inhabitants being someplace else. August is like a form of restful paralysis for Paris, left with al-

most no motion: with nearly no traffic (including nearly no taxis) and nearly no modest restaurants open; with most grocers, butchers, bakers, and small shops of all sorts padlocked tight; with those minority Parisians who are still in residence seeming to remain indoors, as if under a permanent curfew; with parks almost naked of children; but with the stony, shady riversides of the Seine still trodden by a small parade of lovers, arm in arm—the perpetual fiancés of France, embracing and murmuring, content in their quasi solitude.

With France's prosperity under the Fifth Republic ever waxing, and with the increasing pressure from workers and their unions to get their share of it, paid summer vacations have become a big investment for employers and industry. For several years, workers have been entitled by law to a three-week paid vacation, and some of them—those employed by insurance companies, for instance—are getting more, a full month being the eventual aim. Unfortunately, the French weather has been so peculiar this summer that it has worried not only hotelkeepers, afraid of losing money on August rooms cancelled because of the gray days of late July, but the horde of would-be vacationers, afraid of losing half their fun, housebound by rain. Pessimistic weather predictions for the next thirty days were made for Europe in mid-July by the United States Weather Bureau, and disseminated in Paris. They forecast "persistent rain and exceptional chill over northern France"—gloomy news for vacationers heading for the inexpensive little rocky beaches of upper Brittany, where even the lobsters are rather cheap.

The French government itself is getting into the vacation business. Its Bureau de Postes et Télécommunications has been advertising in the Paris newspapers to remind vacationers heading south that eight of the fast daily trains out of Paris are telephonically connect-



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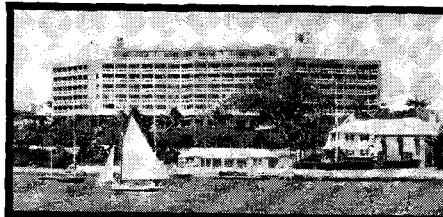
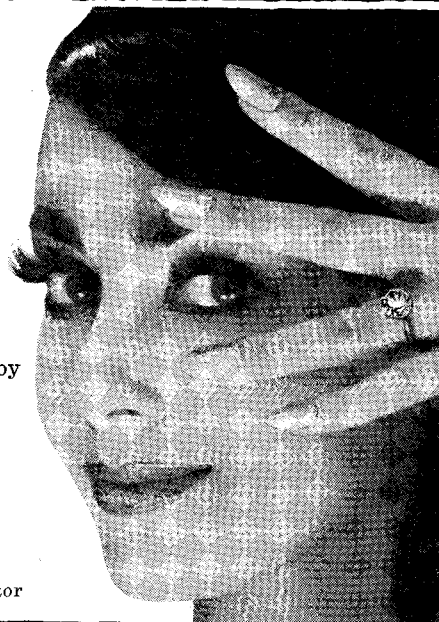
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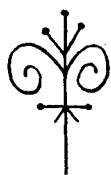
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ed with the capital. All a Parisian has to do is ask the operator for Pyrénées 97-69 and give the name of the passenger he wants to talk to. As for overseas summer tours, they have been advertised for places that few French had ever thought of going to before, such as "The Golden Beaches of the Bulgarian Riviera"—fifteen days for the equivalent of a hundred and forty-three dollars, all expenses paid, including round-trip flight on a Soviet Ilyushin plane. Israel has been advertising holidays on a *kibbutz*—"lodging guaranteed in return for five or six hours' work a day," which does not sound like much fun. By far the oddest holiday offer is that of a French real-estate promoter who is creating a new Mediterranean beach town in Gaou-Bénat, forty kilometres west of Saint-Tropez. While your little stone cottage is being built for you, fast, on your new land, he gives you a fifteen-day free vacation for two in Iran, in another of his new seaside resorts, on the Caspian Sea: "private beach, bathing pool, luxury hotel, tennis, water skiing, horseback riding—a vacation of dreams."

The annual free vacation-message service for motorists scattered, or scattering, over France has started again in the *Paris Figaro*, which is distributed nationally. In these automobilist messages, the traveller's name is followed by an unpunctuated description of his car and his license number, thus: "Panhard pale-blue license 115 CY 079." Some of the opening messages have been very cheery, such as "Papa well. Radio repaired. Colette finally obtained driving license." Or "Car found. Police investigating." Or "Your spectacles here. Maman." One message happily announced the birth of a baby girl—"Katherine-Marie, née 27 Juillet bel enfant"—and there has been such other nursery news as "Robert eats well, sleeps well" and "Bertrand behaving very well," the latter signed by Bertrand's grandmother, obviously extremely relieved.

"GAULLISM is sometimes a thousand of the faithful, sometimes the whole country; everyone has been or will be a Gaullist," General de Gaulle himself has said. A more analytical view is to be found and enjoyed in "Les Gaulistes: Rituel et Annuaire," the recent irreverent, witty, and informative little book by M. Pierre Vianson-Ponté, front-page political writer for *Le Monde*—a book that, if you read French, you should not miss. He defines Gaullism as "an undeniable reality in 1963, not a doctrine but a lived experience." For the elect long-time de



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Gaulle followers, he says, it is a feudal, mystic, and mythical fellowship whose core is indestructible, so that even the rebellious, banned Soustelle and the treacherous generals now in prison still belong to it—in exile. The *annuaire*, or guide, to a hundred or more major Gaullists, which constitutes the last half of Vianson-Ponté's book, is made easier by amusing tiny printed symbols that sum up each man's Gaullist history, such as a camel symbol for those who were faithful during the long, empty early years, which were like a desert; a motorcycle-rider symbol for those who have been invited to lunch at de Gaulle's house in Colombey, under escort; a big easy chair for a Gaullist Minister; a little stiff chair for a deputy; an outhouse for those who have been members of de Gaulle's Cabinets (a rather Frenchy pun); an ear for those whom de Gaulle has consulted; and so on. Preceding these character studies is a highly diverting account of the rituals that function around the General at the Elysée Palace, such as the official soirées, presentations, and gala dinners. For these dinners, "Thirty maîtres d'hôtel race in at the same moment with the entrée. Guests' plates are served and also removed in record time and with fabulous dexterity, sometimes still three-quarters full. The wines—a white, a red, and champagne—practically never come back twice. No cheese (malodorous), no fruit (takes too long to peel). Dinner is over in an hour. One can always go afterward to Les Halles or the Left Bank to get something to eat." The General consumes the indifferent Palace food heartily—the eternal fish with green sauce, the inevitable chicken, and three pieces of bread—refuses the white wine, likes his red wine heavy, polishes off his dessert, takes coffee and no liqueur. Mme. de Gaulle assumes charge of Christian morality and the proprieties. "She passes on the décolletage of Ministers' wives, without pity has removed all divorced persons from the entourage, has crossed off the intimate dinner list those couples who were married only by civil law, and cold-shoulders anyone suspected of libertinage." At de Gaulle's audiences, which last an exact half hour, he either listens to his visitor with the silence of the sea or indulges in a constant monologue, which prevents the visitor from asking for something that the General already knows about or guesses. Sometimes, if de Gaulle wants to charm or dazzle, he gives his caller a glimpse of his phenomenal memory. An important financier with a technical problem that comprised eleven difficult points had learned his summation of

double check

For a family moving to southern New England, we found a perfect home by a builder of excellent reputation. Certificate of occupancy had been issued but we sent our inspector to double check. He discovered, under the living room corner intended for the piano, 8 inches sawed out of several joists. Heating contractor did it to run his duct through. That piano would have smashed to bits on the basement floor!



Homerica operates with rare caution—finds you the perfect house in the most desirable district of the town you're moving to . . . after analyzing your family's requirements (economic, educational, medical, religious, travel, social, and special). Acting as deputy for you, the buyer, Homerica safeguards your interests, satisfies your requirements. Ask Clark de Lima for details.

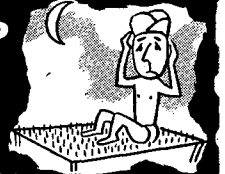
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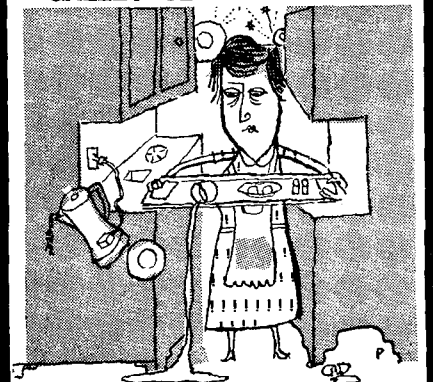
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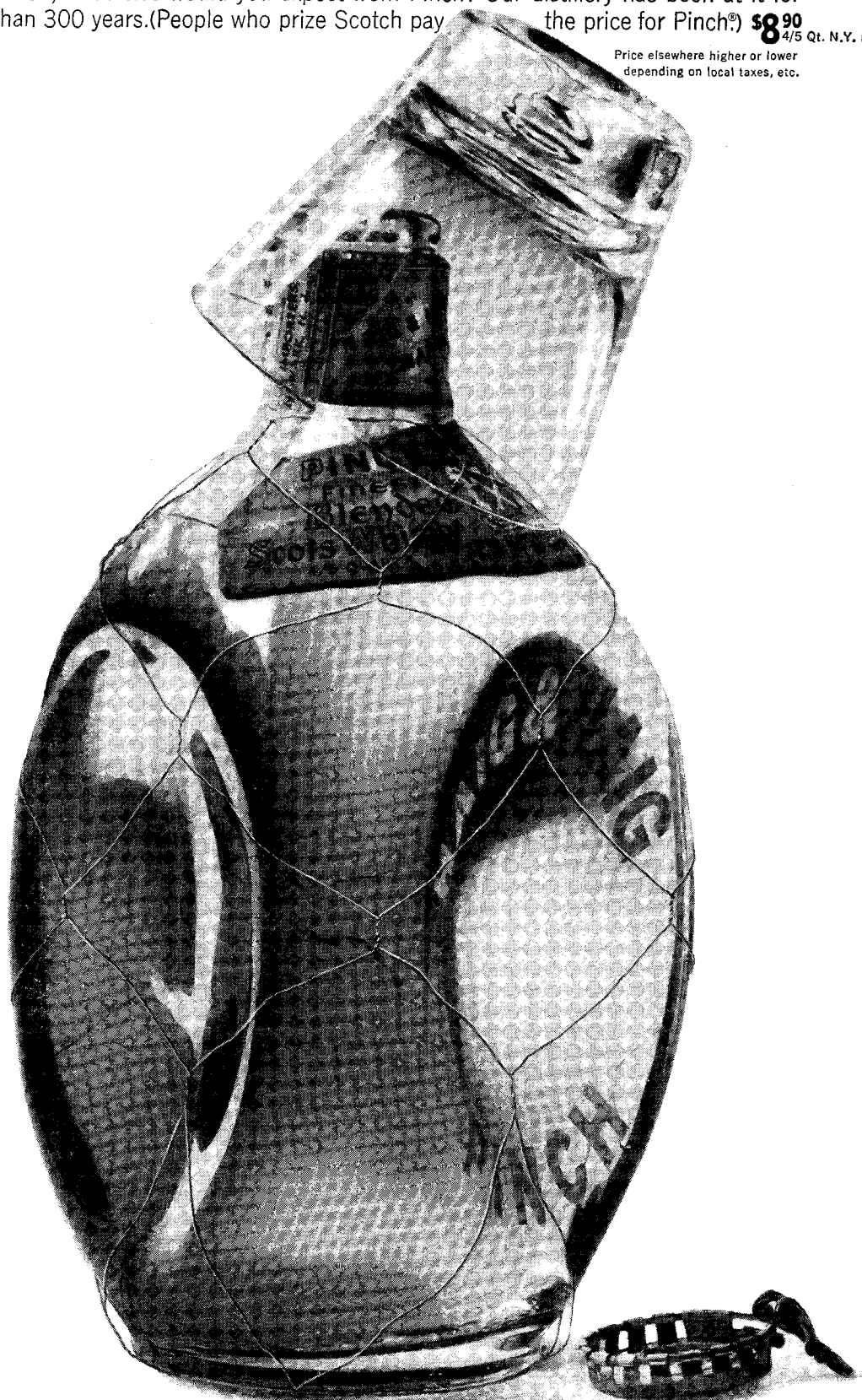
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Knit Ensemble...casual but elegant! Every detail reveals Serbin's knack for knits. Shapely, sleeveless shift with V-neckline and self sash. Matching Chanel-inspired jacket. 100% Orlon. Gold, red or olive accented with black border stripes. Or, black striped with sandalwood. Sizes 8 to 16 **\$25.**

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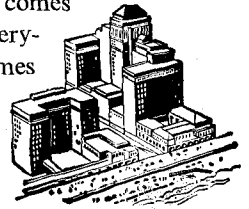
them by heart in order to explain them to de Gaulle. As he finished, the General repeated all eleven points without distortion and in order, and gave his advice on them equally methodically. The financier left stupefied with admiration. The character studies of the major Gaullists provide rich reading. Former Premier Debré, ornamented with thirteen symbols, is described as a figure of sacrifice who believed in Algérie Française but had to fight the government's war to liberate the land. Raymond Aron, the brilliant journalist, who has now become anti-Gaullist, is "one of those thoughtful men more at their ease in opposition than in unconditional devotion." Minister Gaston Palewski, one of the earliest *compagnons*, is now a grand duke of the Gaullist reign. Premier Pompidou receives several pages—a complex man, trained as a banker and *haut fonctionnaire*, and by taste a writer on poets and an anthologist, Baudelaire and Apollinaire being his favorites. It is generally thought that he may succeed de Gaulle as President of France—an idea that Pompidou himself is said to share.

IN BRIEF: Work on Mr. Conrad Hilton's eleven-story ultra-modern hotel has begun here, on the Avenue de Suffren, where it will overlook the Seine and, according to Parisians, ruin the famous isolated silhouette of the Tour Eiffel, to which the hotel will be a too close neighbor. . . . The state Radio et Télévision Française has ordered a symphony from Darius Milhaud on the theme "Pacem in Terris," the late Pope John XXIII's world-noted encyclical. . . . The widow of Georges Rouault has donated to the French state nearly all the works left unfinished at his death, some lacking only his signature to look completed—an edifying collection, to be added to the Rouaults already owned by the Musée National d'Art Moderne, and thereby make a nucleus for entire Rouault rooms in the new Musée du XXème Siècle, inspired by Minister of Culture André Malraux, which will be constructed, it is now announced, at the Rond Point de la Défense from a design by Le Corbusier. This will be the first great post-war museum in Paris. . . . M. Malraux's other Ministerial triumph this week is the announcement that his anachronistic project for a painting by the fantasist Russian modern Marc Chagall to be affixed as a new false ceiling over operagoers' heads in the Paris Opéra will soon be under way. Envisioned by the Minister two years ago, the idea

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The value of this gentle suit is in its at-homeness. It loves the country, roams over fields, takes apples for the horses. Loves the city, goes to lunch, to offices, to matinees. Soft straight jacket, A-line skirt. Lined wool tweed in Burgundy, Blue, Currency Green, Paprika. Sizes 6 to 16. About \$35 at fine stores or write:

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aroused such widespread shock that some leading British architects even signed a petition against it, since the Opéra is a unique example of Second Empire theatrical architecture—contestable, perhaps, but homogeneous. The present, original ceiling, by a *pompier* artist named Le neveu, who also contributed, without distinction, to the decoration of the Panthéon, is so pleasantly innocuous that its subject matter always escapes one. What operagoers fear from Chagall is something characteristically recognizable—a green-faced violinist, perhaps, or donkeys floating in the air.
—GENÊT

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

DEAR ANN LANDERS:

My youngest brother is being married this fall to a girl who comes from a fine family. I have never met her or her people. They live several thousand miles away.

Last week I received a letter from the bride-to-be and she has asked me to be her matron of honor. I would like to accept but something is holding me back.

During World War II I ran around with a pretty fast crowd. A bunch of us girls who worked in the PX went out one night and had our arms tattooed. I especially admired Skinny Wainwright at the time, so his name is tattooed on my left arm. On my right arm is an eagle carrying a streamer which says, "Buy War Bonds."

All these years I've been wearing long-sleeved dresses because I am ashamed of the tattoos. A matron of honor has to wear the gown selected by the bride, and such gowns are usually sleeveless. Shall I tell her I can't accept?—SPINNING HEAD

—The World-Telegram & Sun.

Certainly not. All weddings need toning up and you're the girl to do it. Simply go to another tattoo artist and get Skinny Wainwright changed to Richard Burton and make the eagle's streamer read "Buy Savings Bonds." Kiss the bride for us.

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Must be a graduate architect, qualified master carpenter with 25 years experience and at present a commercial artist.

However, we will settle for man who thinks he can perform as above. Must be energetic, an excellent printer, fast, and have a knowledge of residential drafting.

His job will entail drawing house plans, detailing for pre-fabrication and rendering.

He doesn't have to be the best today but must have the drive to be so.

Attitude and ability more important than experience.

Must sweep floor occasionally.

Contact P.O. Box 1254

—Adv. in the Salt Lake City (Utah) Salt Lake Tribune.

Or at least *think* he's sweeping it.



New and now
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"WIG-LET"
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Following the trend, we present the first knit wig and hat combination ever made for girls. Our smooth-combed coiffure is a synthetic blend—Dyner® modacrylic, hugged with an Orlon® acrylic knit band, removable bow, and it comes with its own headform for storing. Girls will love a choice of strawberry blond, regular blond, platinum, auburn red or black. Medium (to 10 yrs.) or Large (10 yrs. and older), 6.00. Children's Shop. Mail and phone orders, no c.o.d's. Not returnable.

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beloved topper of childhood. We think there's nothing in all the world that gives a jauntier air to a pleated skirt or little-boy shorts. This one is nautically correct; comes in white broadcloth with braid-trimmed sailor collar and cuffs of red or navy with matching tie. Sizes 3-14. \$6.00 ppd.

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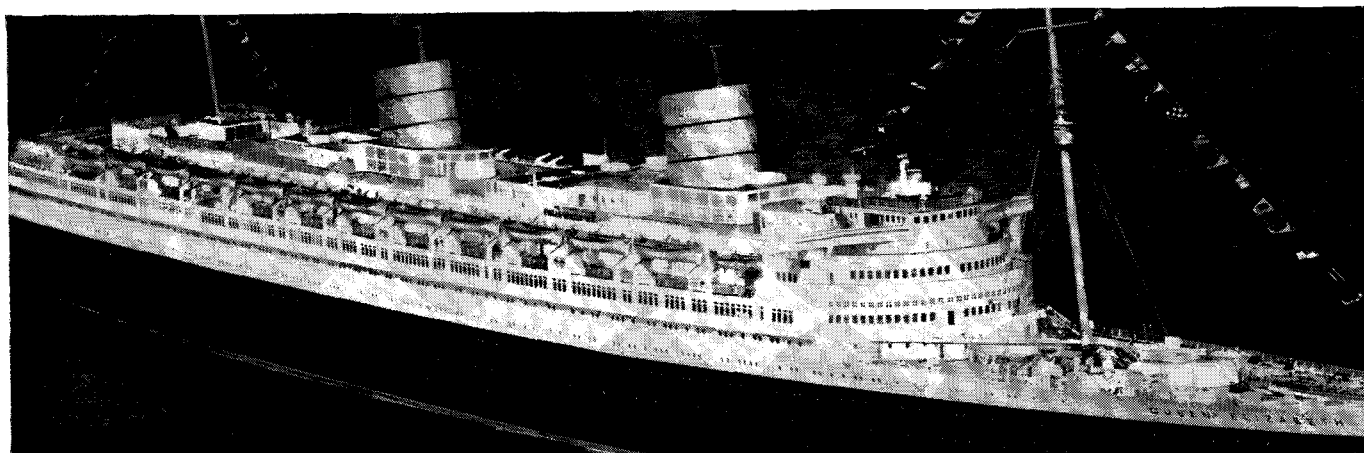
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3. Cunard's *international* cuisine gives you a wide choice of dishes to appease sea-sharpened appetites.

CUNARD CRUISE CALENDAR

1963

MEDITERRANEAN

Aug. 30—*Caronia* Summer cruise from New York to 14 ports; 31 days, \$810 up.

Oct. 3—Mediterranean and Black Sea—*Caronia* from New York to 25 ports including Odessa, Russia . . . 56 days, 21 countries, 15,182 miles, \$1,100 up.

NASSAU

Nov. 16—*Mauretania* from New York; 5 days, \$125 up.

Nov. 21 and Nov. 27—*Queen Elizabeth* from New York; 5 days, \$185 up.

WEST INDIES

Ports you'll visit on these exciting Caribbean cruises include Nassau, San Juan, St. Thomas, Santo Domingo, Kingston, Montego Bay, Martinique, Barbados, Antigua, Curacao, Aruba, La Guaira.

Oct. 5, 19, Nov. 2—*Mauretania* from New York; 12 days, five ports, \$300 up.

Nov. 23—*Franconia* from New York (Thanksgiving cruise); 12 days, five ports, \$335 up.

Dec. 7—*Franconia* from New York; 12 days, five ports, \$320 up.

Dec. 21—*Franconia* from New York

(Christmas & New Year's cruise); 15 days, six ports, \$460 up.

Dec. 23—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (Christmas & New Year's cruise); 13 days, eight ports, \$400 up.

1964

GREAT WORLD CRUISE

Jan. 28—*Caronia* from New York around the world via South America, South Africa, India, and the Orient; 95 days, 20 ports, 14 lands, 31,400 miles, \$2,875 up.

NASSAU

Feb. 5, Feb. 11, Feb. 19, March 26—*Queen Elizabeth* from New York; 5 days, \$185 up.

WEST INDIES

In addition to the ports listed in 1963 West Indies cruises, 1964 ports of call also include Trinidad, Grenada, Cartagena and Cristobal.

Jan. 6—*Franconia* from New York; 11 days, three ports, \$290 up.

Jan. 6—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 12 days, six ports, \$335 up.

Jan. 21—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 13 days, eight ports, \$400 up.

Feb. 3—*Franconia* from New York; 20 days, eleven ports, \$615 up.

Feb. 4—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 14 days, seven ports, \$430 up.

Feb. 19—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 14 days, eight ports, \$430 up.

Feb. 24—*Franconia* from New York; 17 days, nine ports, \$520 up.

March 7—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 12 days, six ports, \$335 up.

March 14—*Franconia* from New York; 15 days, six ports, \$420 up.

March 30—*Franconia* from New York; 11 days, three ports, \$305 up.

April 11—*Franconia* from New York; 12 days, four ports, \$320 up.

MEDITERRANEAN

Feb. 27—*Queen Elizabeth* from New York; 25 days, 7 lands, 10,224 miles, \$1,125 up.

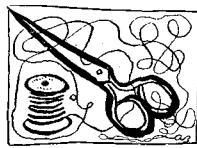
May 5—*Caronia* Spring cruise from New York to Alexandria, Haifa, Beirut, Athens, and 14 other ports . . . 43 days, 14 countries, 12,351 miles, \$1,125 up.

NOTE: On all 1963-64 Cunard Mediterranean cruises, your ticket can include return on any Cunarder, including the *Queen Elizabeth* or *Queen Mary*.

For details see your travel agent or Cunard Line; main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, New York 4, N.Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMINE FASHIONS



THERE'S no market now for the hair, or horsehair, shirt that martyrs used to be so fond of—even among the young ladies who feel that they're being martyred by being made to go back to college next month instead of being allowed to go back to Majorca. Altman's College Shop, though, is likely to do rather better with its new, reversible, and admirable three-quarter coats of horsehair—with the short, sleek, smooth chestnut hair still intact on one side and with the suèdelike horseskin itself (a horse of a different color) on the other. Everyone had best be told right away that they're \$302.50 a copy. It's too bad, in a way, that the shop's jackets and greatcoats of dyed Spanish lamb aren't reversible, too, for the outsides are chocolate hide and the insides are of the wool, which is the image of nutria. The jackets are \$154 and the coats \$231. When we get into this stuff, there's often nowhere to go but up; the lunch and matinee waist-length jackets of hair seal dyed black (they're slit at the hems to show off the fiery red taffeta linings) are \$495. (The prices include the federal tax.) The double-breasted greatcoats of ersatz brown-and-white mink gills are down, however, at \$100, and no tax. For wet weather there are raincoats of olive oilskin with turnover collars that can be converted into turtlenecks; for cold, dry days there are swashbuckling capes of horse-blanket wool plaid (red predominates) with funnel collars that can take the place of earmuffs. These last are \$40. Madrid is the birthplace of expert suits of greige suède, reputedly drip-dry; \$150. Knee-length rag-doll dresses (for binges, I guess) have collarless necks, long cuffed sleeves, and gathers beneath the

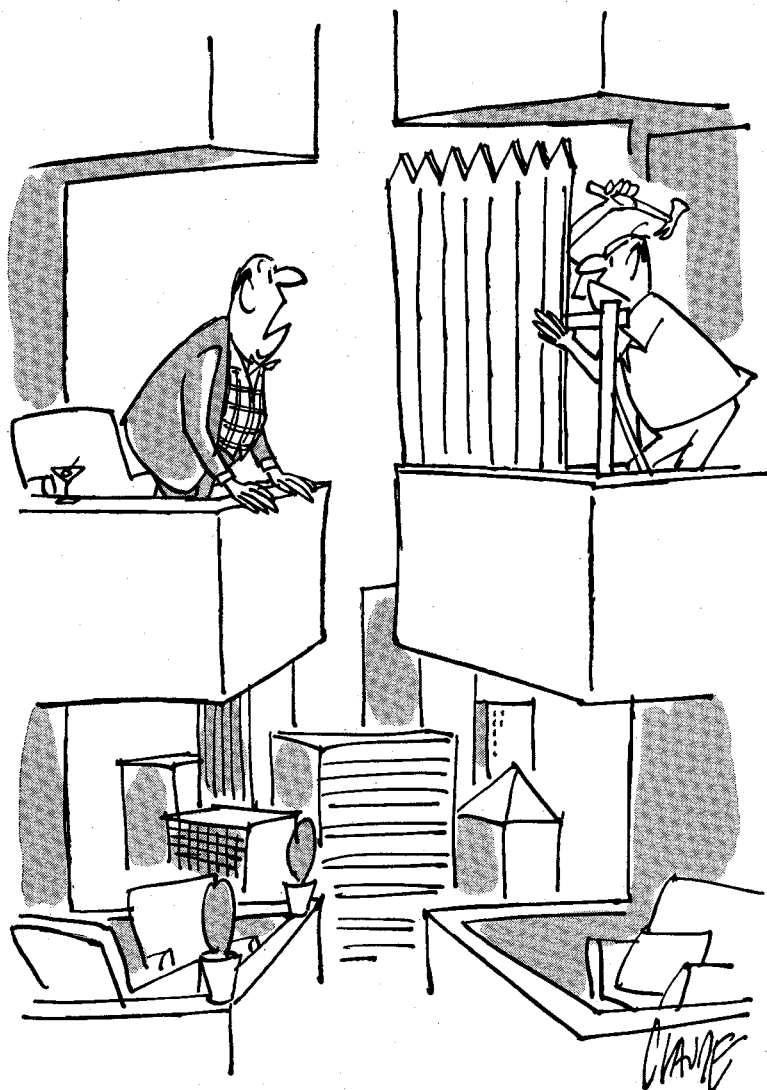
wide yokes. Beige cotton print (miniature autumn leaves) is the stuff, except for the two patch pockets of red corduroy at the hips. These are down at \$25. Evening is provided for by waistcoats of fake black-and-white ponyskin and long, slinky, *femme-fatale* skirts of fake black broadtail. During intramural night life, the shop thinks they should be topped by turtleneck sweaters of black wool, presumably for fraternity or even apache dances.

MOST of Bonwit Teller's college clothes are in the Miss Bonwit Junior department, on the seventh floor, but occasional pieces are scattered throughout the premises. Raincoats of natural cotton poplin, with dropped shoulders and loose three-quarter sleeves, are warmly and luxuriously lined with kit fox, and these come to \$125, including the federal tax; those of taupe cotton poplin, with broad collars that

can be draped into standaway necks, are lined with shaggy white alpaca pile, and they come to \$70. Curly black Orlon pile lines the three-quarter raincoats of make-believe black alligator. And now to become really utilitarian, with pull-overs and cardigans of Shetland wool knit whose ornamentation is minute suède pockets and (at the elbows) immense patches. The choice involves hundreds of colors. There are companions, such as kilts of Lindsay wool tartan (maroon, plus touches of pale blue and green) and wraparound street-length wool skirts with pale-blue and gray checks and maroon suède flaps on the patch pockets. The pullovers are \$23, the kilts \$17, and the skirts \$20. Wet sand is the hue of pullovers with round, collarless necks and short sleeves; they can be pulled into blouses by the drawstrings at the base. These pullovers are suède in front and wool knit in back; the skirts with them are of wool in the same

color. Forty dollars will acquire a set. The long sweater dresses of Shetland wool are khaki, charcoal, or paprika; \$20. In the Miss Bonwit Junior lingerie section (third floor) are short and long quilted robes (\$19 and \$23, respectively) of white cotton in a wildly imaginative Tyrolean print—Shocking-pink and turquoise houses and posies; Shocking-pink velvet ribbon nips in their Empire waists. Short ruffled gowns in the same print complete the ensemble. Down on the first floor are lounging boots of black plastic patent leather with tan plastic-leather uppers, looking like buttonless high shoes or like pumps and spats together.

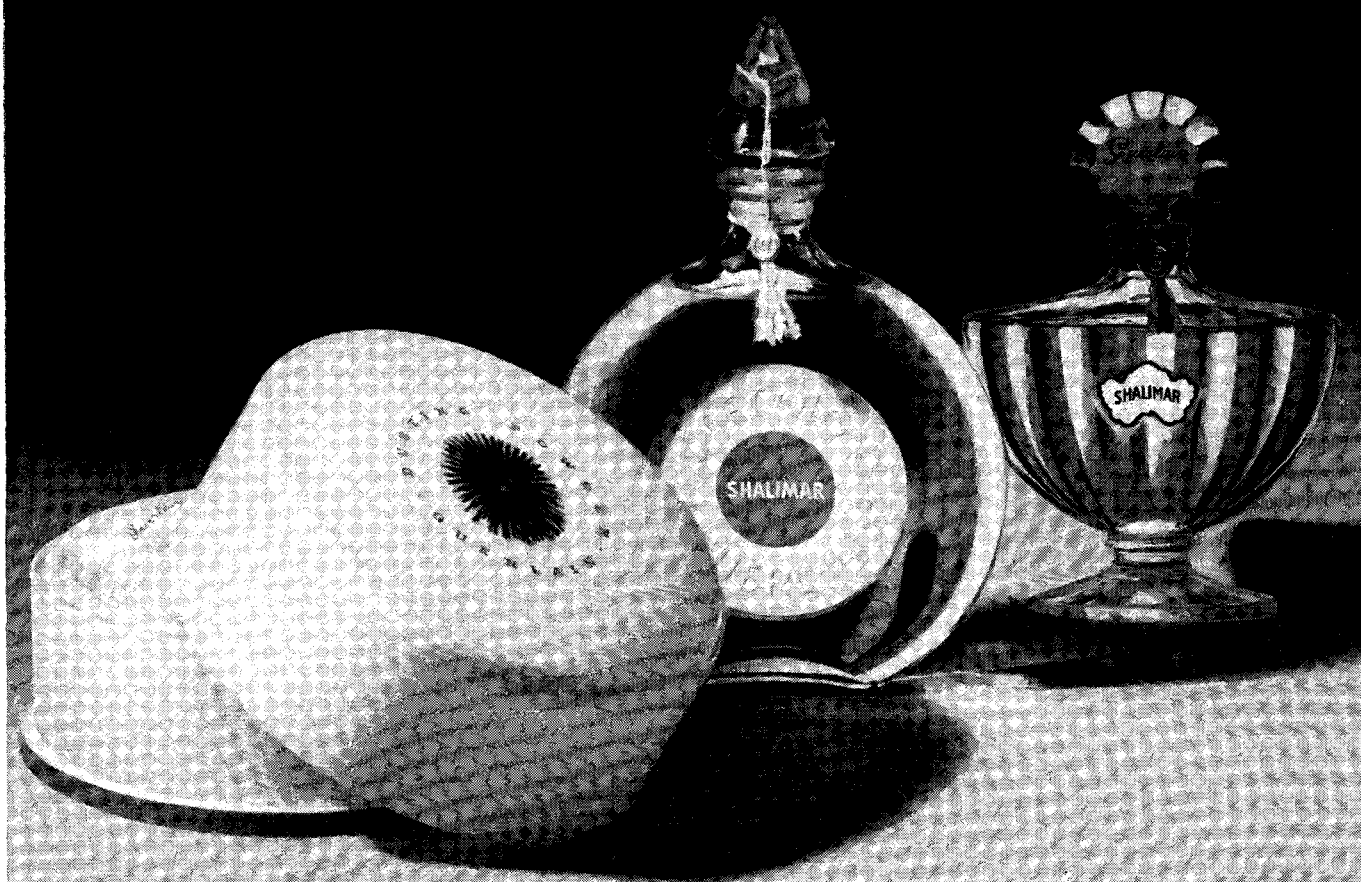
THE college part of Saks Fifth Avenue (seventh floor) has parkas for girls who would never go near a ski slope. They're of white quilted nylon on which black stitching outlines giant squares;



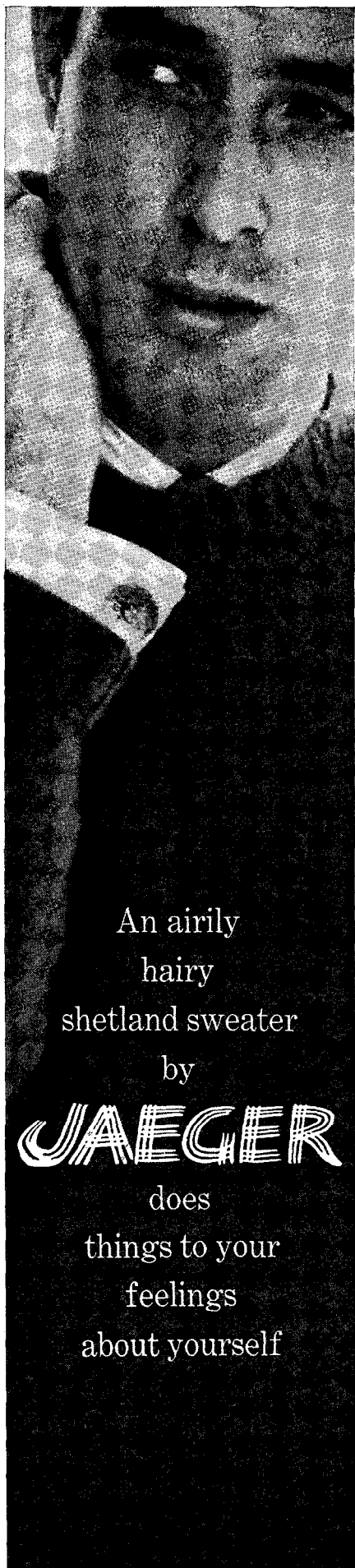
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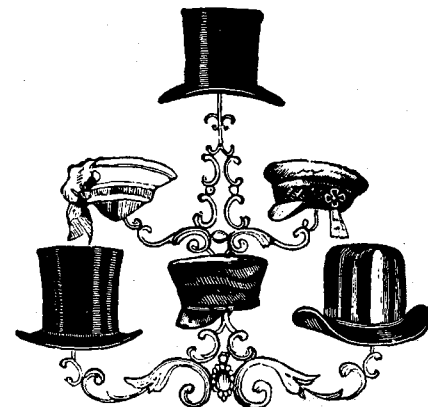
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\$35. Red Ridinghood storm coats of red cotton poplin lined with red Orlon fleece are probably pretty enough to encourage the wolf to whistle. The price is \$80. A three-decker outfit starts with a most engaging skirt of black-and-white checked wool that has a mint overplaid. Next comes a black velveteen vest that ends at the hips, and then an overblouse of white rayon crêpe with a deep, pointed collar and three-quarter cuffed sleeves. For evening there are long skirts of brushed mohair with enormous flame-red and black checks; the attached waistbands of black grosgrain end in bows and streamers at one side. These are \$40. Matching stoles as voluminous as cloaks and ending up in eight inches of black wool fringe at the ankles add \$30 to the tab. And for \$17 more there are black Helanca pullovers with scoop necks and long sleeves. Brunettes, though, may think better of long skirts of brick-red brushed wool and matching off-the-shoulder bodices of ribbed wool knit.

BEST's college igloo (fourth floor) has parkas of natural hair seal bound around the face and at the low waists with broad cotton braid in which red, blue, green, yellow, and white are intermingled. Fingertip-length jackets of horizontally worked bleached white Tuscany lamb (it's as shaggy as wolf) look like pullovers, but there's a hidden zipper; their bulky turtlenecks, yokes, and sleeves are of dull-gold wool-knit ribbing. Both parkas and jackets are \$275. Slender or wraparound skirts of washable black leather go with thigh-length jackets of mink gills dyed black. These ensembles ascend as high as \$385. (The prices include the federal tax.) On the first floor are mittens of bunny fur tinted to resemble leopard, red fox, chinchilla, or zebra, with contrasting fake-leather palms. Many of them can be matched with headbands that have earmuffs.

LORD & TAYLOR's College Shop is ready for the great and often gusty outdoors, even for weather that demands coats with capes. L. & T.'s capes are detachable, and its coats are reversible—black-and-white wool on one side, water-repellent yellow wool jersey on the other. Part of the deal (\$110) is a black-and-white wool skirt and a yellow jersey overblouse. L. & T. is ready for benevolent weather, too, with coats of horse-blanket wool in a plaid in which gold (mostly), red, green, and navy mingle; \$55. They are lined with black wool. There are no collars, but there are



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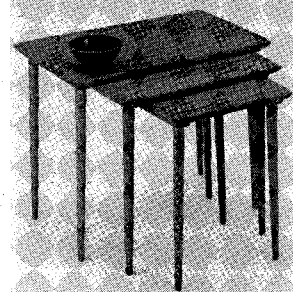
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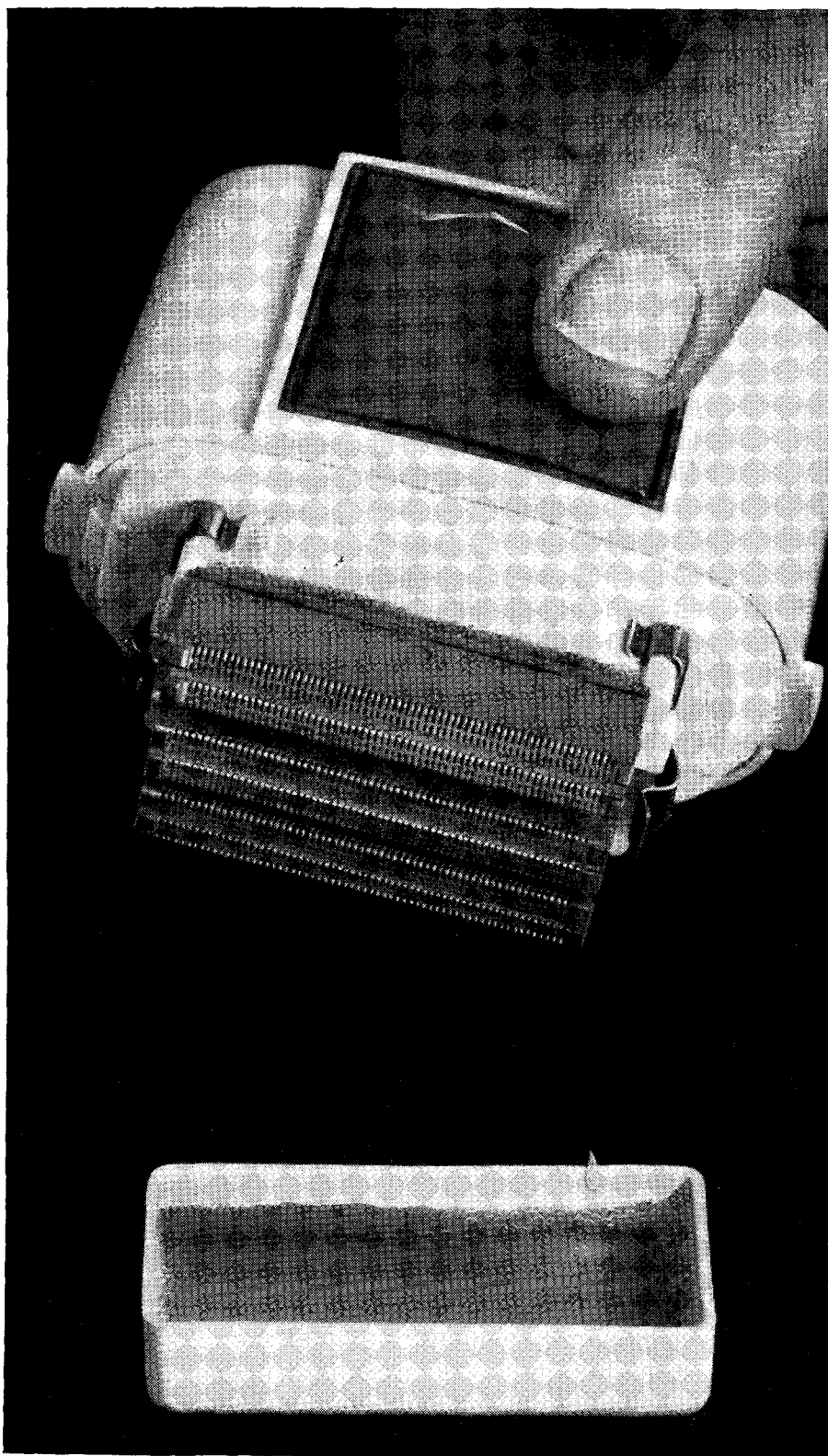
long blanket-wool plaid scarves. Single-breasted box jackets of brown suède have collars and linings of bogus beaver; pea jackets of *café-au-lait* suède are lined with quilted rayon satin in the same hue.

THE second and third floors at Abercrombie & Fitch can outfit girls with seven-eighths-length double-breasted coats, from West Germany, that involve two layers of red or camel Loden cloth; \$65. Wool-knit wind cuffs fill in the long, loose sleeves. Single-breasted coats from Canada, with hoods, are pecan suède outside and brown mouton inside. So that no one will feel slighted, there are domestic greatcoats, too, with broad back belts, of blanket-wool plaid in parrot colors; the sedate lining is black Orlon pile, and the price is \$70. A less rugged life is to be lived in six-gored camel's-hair skirts, soft as Devonshire cream, with two rows of slot seaming in front. A kennelful of sad-eyed basset hounds stray over the white cotton shirts that top them off.

PECK & PECK likes riding coats of natural duck that have outside hip pockets almost a foot deep and inside straps to fasten around the legs. They're for horse or for bicycle, which is handier around a campus. Bands of matching wool jersey surround the shoulders of coats done in beige cotton-and-rayon tackle twill; coats of natural cotton poplin have enormous side pockets, not to mention the two patch pockets on the lining, which is black cotton poplin; double rows of white stitching trail down the backs of coats of charcoal cotton poplin with wide fence collars. These coats range from \$35 to \$50.

MACY's College Shop, on the third floor of the Seventh Avenue building, is anticipating a mild winter, inasmuch as its ponchos, of pale-beige suède, are for cocktail frocks rather than blue jeans; \$59.95. Tunics that could pass muster as three-quarter coats are of brown-and-white rayon-and-cotton ponyskin, with narrow standaway collars and long sleeves of black wool-knit; they fasten down the left side, and they cost \$49.95. Good-looking feedbags of natural, red, black, or green canvas have contrasting handles; the small \$7.69 takes care of the federal tax.

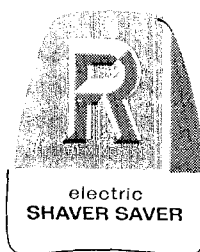
AMONG Bloomingdale's college wares, in the junior area of the third floor, are two-piece dresses (sleeveless pullovers and above-knee wrap-around skirts) of fake palomino skin



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Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof.

with bindings of gray wool at neck, waist, and hem. Sleeveless Empire dresses of Melton cloth in billiard-table green have a real junior-area look because their club collars are pulled tight by four-in-hands of navy silk with green dots. Burnt-sugar tweed flecked with plum red, mustard, and white serves several purposes—Chanel sort of suits, and knickerbockers, and long, slender evening skirts. This group can mingle with tweed vests, vests that are plum-red suède in front and tweed in back, and shaggy polar-bear pullover sweaters of mohair, nylon, and rayon. The suits are \$55. Theatregoers can appear in costumes of oyster-white fleece flecked with a beaver hair or two—slim skirts and dramatic seven-eighths collarless capes, with wide panels (down the front of the capes) that are held in place by string sashes; \$79.95 all told. Black velveteen jackets (rather Little Women, but they might give Meg or even Jo pause) with écreu cotton lace ruffles at the wrists and the collarless throats are assigned to slender skirts of wool with vast black and white checks; \$45. What this establishment calls ski-length burnooses (it's a nice try for the all-climates outfit) are really three-quarter capes with peaked hoods. The stuff is green wool bound with green braid, the cost is \$29.95, and the look is great.

IN the Miss Bergdorf province of Bergdorf Goodman are separates of black-and-white Glen-plaid wool for any time of day or night—sleeveless coat dresses, below-the-knee culottes (christened "boot skirts," because you're to wear them with what-do-you-supposes), slacks, vests, street-length pleated skirts, and long, straight evening skirts. Among the things to dress them up or down are (1) sleeveless and collarless jackets of black jersey fastened by jet buttons and lined with strawberry China silk, (2) mannish shirts (with buttoned-down collars) of strawberry silk twill, and (3) tailored blouses (with attached ascots) of the same twill. And there are sleeveless evening jackets of taffeta solidly paved with black sequins. The vests and shirts are \$18, the coat dresses and the sequin jackets are \$35.

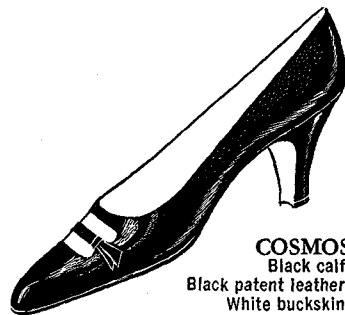
LONG, posh clothes for proms and such are a preoccupation of Young Bendel, a division of Old Bendel. Slim women of any age might take note. Black velveteen is the goods for Empire gowns with necks that are modest in front and that dip into deep scoops in back; nine small black braid buttons meander over the chest, and the rap is

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\$70. Pendent jet beads deck the lantern sleeves of princess dresses, likewise of black velveteen; \$145. Stately and beautiful are the dresses of cut velvet in a deep yellow with raglan elbow-length sleeves and (around the waist, which is natural, for a change) matching picot-edged taffeta ribbon; \$135. Crystal-beaded flowers and snowflakes show up on the décolletage of slender wands of turquoise-blue sheer basketweave wool; \$145. A crêpe named Sand because of its color and texture makes frocks from which loops of matching bead fringe dangle at the base of the slightly bloused high bodices; \$80. Strapless flowing dresses of white chiffon are surmounted by long-sleeved boleros of blue-olive-and-white mohair plaid. For grand entrances: medieval princess coats over V-necked princess dresses, all of beige-and-grey cotton brocade, and adding up to \$210. Long, willowy evening coats of Melton cloth are around in red, powder blue, jade green, black, or oyster white. —M. M.

THE SEA IS NOT THE SUM OF ITS PARTS

The Sound that leeches
the land by inches
through sailboat fences
is not the sea.

The surf that beaches
at Jones or Coney
is cold and briny
but not the sea.

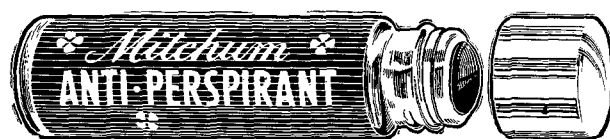
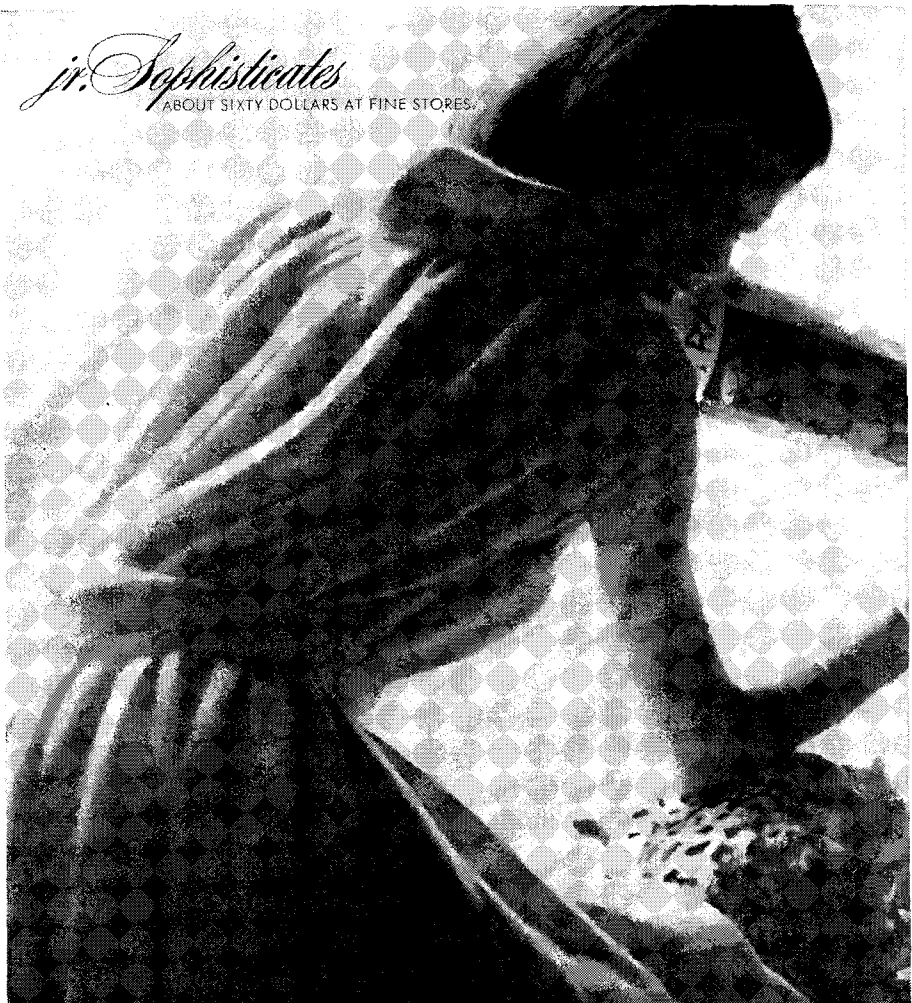
The tide that reaches
past pier and tonnage
to tap the sewage
is not the sea.

Manhattan teaches
to men of reason
this single lesson
about the sea.

—GERALD JONAS

Many of the right-wing groups have been active for years. Of the new ones, the John Birch Society has become the most prominent. The Anti-Defamation League estimates that the Birch Society is spending about \$750,000 a year. The Birchers have a large staff, including former Congressman John Rousselot as field coordinator in California. While no formal coordinating body links the right-wing groups, there is much interaction through the multiple afflictions of the leaders.—*Sane World*, newsletter of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.

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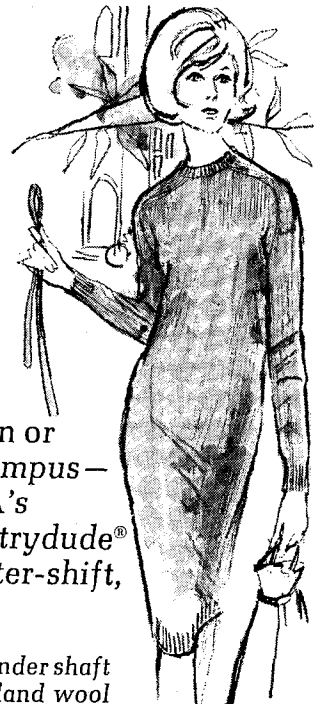
Travers Ho!



IN other days, before the coming of the mutuels and the New York Racing Association, this week would have been Saratoga's *grande semaine*.

There would have been at least one stake race every afternoon, and on Saturday there would have been three—the North American Steeplechase, the Saratoga Special or the Spinaway, and the Travers. Thanks to functional streamlining, we have only the Travers this weekend. Still, it should be the big event of the meeting, for it will bring together Candy Spots, Chateaugay, Never Bend, and Outing Class. There may be other starters, for there are always owners who like to see their colors up in the Travers, but I don't expect there will be enough to spoil the race for the worthier contestants.

After devoting a good deal of sober thought to the matter, I'd say that winning is going to be a large order for Never Bend. Although he turned in a smart effort a fortnight ago, giving twelve pounds and a sound beating to Henry The Eighth and Master Dennis, there is some doubt as to how completely he has recovered from the leg ailment that put him on the sidelines three months ago. Last Friday, Outing Class also beat Master Dennis and Henry The Eighth, and quite as easily, so he is going to have more supporters than Never Bend; horseplayers like to string along with the most recent winner. In my book, though, the race is between Chateaugay and Candy Spots. By the way, Jim Conway, who trains Chateaugay, had a merry old time last week looking for a race that would serve to get a proper workout into the big chestnut colt. If worst came to worst, he was going to run him in the Bernard Baruch Handicap, over the turf course, despite the fact that Chateaugay had never raced on the grass. But at the last moment an exercise gallop with Carry Back was arranged. It was a good show, too, both jockeys going at it as though it were a real race. In fact, it was so good that a video tape of it was shown on TV last Saturday before the Alabama Stakes was telecast from Saratoga. I liked the way Chateaugay took command of the situation, passing the winning post five lengths ahead, in 1:37



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for the mile. Incidentally, the track was far from fast. One observer remarked, "They say Chateaugay doesn't like mud. I'll bet a cookie he likes Saratoga mud." On the face of it, Candy Spots, fresh from his triumphs in the American Derby and the Arlington Classic at Arlington Park, in Chicago, should win. But he has never raced over the track at The Spa. Besides, I think Chateaugay will rise to the occasion, as he did in the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont Stakes.

IT'S always unwise to expect consistency from three-year-old fillies. Take the Alabama Stakes, for instance, in which Tona, with little form to recommend her but with a pull of ten pounds in the weights, won by a nose from Lamb Chop, the odds-on favorite, and paid \$45.80. Prodana Neviesta was third. A milder surprise was brought off by Endymion in the Bernard Baruch Handicap, earlier in the week. The footing, which was soggy, may have reminded him of the gumbo going at the New Orleans Fair Grounds; anyway, he wore down Marlin Bay, the pacemaker, in the stretch and paid a \$20.70 mutuel.

SPEAKING of long odds, Bounding Main, a runner from California, brought off a dandy in the Arlington Handicap at Arlington Park last Saturday—\$74.80. One of the lightweights in the race, he won by a head from Hellenic Hero, the favorite, who was disqualified later for crowding and was placed third, behind B. Major, with whom he'd interfered. The long shot of the day at Atlantic City was a two-year-old named Pickerel Point, who paid \$45.60.

STILL on the subject of the high dollar, \$7,157,700 was spent for potential racing stock at recent yearling sales. At Keeneland, in Lexington, last month, two hundred and seventy-five colts and fillies were sold for a total of \$3,902,600, and at Saratoga last week two hundred and fifty-four brought \$3,255,100. The top price of the season, \$85,000, was paid at Keeneland for a chestnut colt by Swaps out of Blue Star II. The buyer was Leonard P. Sasso, who paid \$80,000 for Globe-master in 1959. One of the late E. R. Bradley's favorite bets, usually made at Saratoga, was even money for any amount between fifty dollars and five thousand that any yearling you picked would not win a race the following year. He won most of the bets.

—AUDAX MINOR

A&F

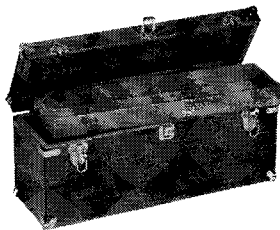
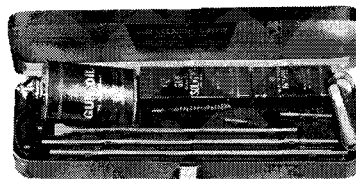
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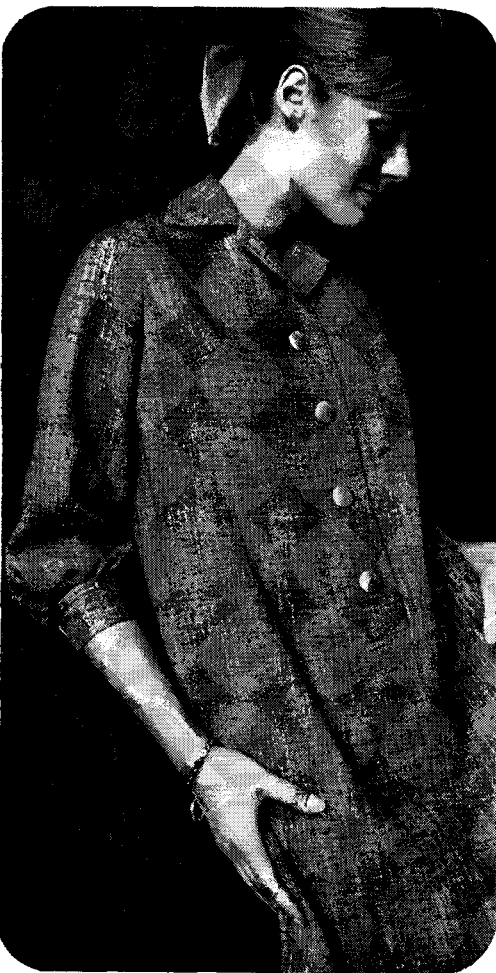


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P.S. Thank you, too, dear Fabergé, for Ceramic Glaze—it's priceless for problem nails!

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF JAMES HOOVER

A RUSSIAN novel, written by Alexander Solzhenitsyn and called "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," has recently appeared in this country. It is the detailed account of a single day in a Siberian labor camp, told by a man serving a ten-year sentence there, and it is grim. However, it is fiction. The story I am about to tell is not. It is the detailed account of a single day in an American Labor Department—the one in Washington, D.C.—told by a man serving out his sixth year there. I am the man. The day was a Wednesday in late April, 1963.

I went to work half an hour early in the hope of finishing the morning newspaper before the phones started ringing, but they didn't wait. The first call was for a Mr. Brown, who was on my present extension last year. There was no use transferring the call, because he hadn't come in yet. I took the message and put it on his desk. The second call was from my colleague Mr. Wright, who said that a colonel in the Pentagon who was looking for a copy of a 1962 airgram from Vietnam had called him. The colonel hadn't been able to find the airgram, and, since the Labor Department was on its routing, he thought we might have it. I had had a copy, but I had thrown it out. I went to the Central Files room. The girl in charge said that all the 1962 files had been moved to Room 7223. She and I went there, she unlocked the cabinet, and we found a copy of an airgram from Vietnam. I took it back to my desk and called the colonel, who said he had that airgram already; he was now hunting for two others. So I went back to Central Files, found one of the two, and then went to Room 7223, where I found the other in the 1962 file. I took them both back to my desk and called the colonel again. He said to hold on to them; he thought he was about to get them from somewhere else, but, if not, he would send a messenger over for my copies.

The next call was from Amy Shannon, the secretary of my boss's boss. She wanted to know whether she could borrow my secretary to type some letters to Africa. I told her I wasn't sure, since either my secretary or one of the other secretaries would have to type some

long-overdue letters for the signature of the Secretary of Labor. However, both girls were in the cafeteria, having breakfast, so I wasn't able to give Amy Shannon a definite answer. I promised to call her back.

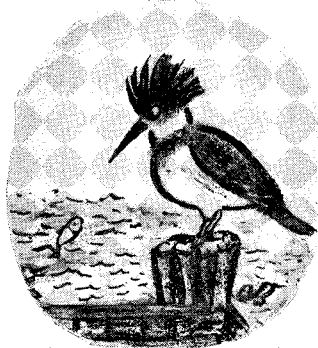
The letters in question were replies to greetings from foreign Labor Ministers, received in February on the occasion of the Department's fiftieth anniversary. According to the Secretary's Notice 14-63, letters from Cabinet-level foreign-government officials fall into the category "Priority Mail" and require extra-prompt treatment. Why, then, were letters received in February still awaiting reply late in April? Well, as Solzhenitsyn recognizes, one day's worth of this kind of stuff is as much as a reader can stand, so I won't go into all that had happened to those letters during February, March, and April.

I next picked up a paper I had written on the Japanese steelworkers' union. It had been written in anticipation of a visit from six officials of that union under the State Department's exchange program. I wanted to show the draft of my paper to a member of the Washington staff of the United Steelworkers of America, who had been to Japan and knew more about the subject than I.

But, in keeping with the standards of economy set by Congress and the Budget Bureau, no messengers are available to go from government departments to private organizations. By now, my secretary was busy doing someone else's work, so I decided to deliver the paper myself, and, as it was a nice spring day,

to walk. After delivering the paper, I went into a nearby bank to cash a check and then walked back, too.

On my desk was a note that Mrs. Leavell had called. It seemed that Mr. Warnock had given her a letter to answer that Assistant Secretary Weaver had given him. It was from a Malayan named G. Joseph, who was enlisting Mr. Weaver's help to finance visits to Akron and Washington following the completion of his studies at Cornell. Mrs. Leavell thought she remembered having overheard me mention the same man. I explained that another Malayan, named P. P. Narayanan, had previously written to Mr. Weaver on behalf of his friend Joseph. Mr. Weaver had



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sent Mr. Narayanan's letter to Mr. Warnock with a covering note saying that we should check with the Asia Foundation to see whether Joseph's fellowship wouldn't cover such travel. Mr. Warnock had been out last week, so the letter had gone to Mr. Bazan, who had sent it to me. Since I don't know anyone in the Asia Foundation, and the Foundation has no office in Washington, I had called my friend Howland, in the State Department, who, in turn, had had someone in his office phone Harry Pearson, of the Asia Foundation, who had said that Joseph's fellowship would cover such travel, and that all Joseph had to do was write directly to the Foundation. In conclusion, I pointed out to Mrs. Leavell that there had been no need for Narayanan, Weaver, Warnock, Bazan, Hoover, Howland, the person in Howland's office, Pearson, or her to have become involved in this matter.

The next phone call I answered was a personal call for my secretary, who was still out.

The next visitor was a colleague who reported that our boss was wondering whether the man in the personnel office who was supposed to have written two letters had done so. I said I had the impression that it was our boss, not the personnel officer, who was to have written the letters. But the boss was out at a meeting at the time, and so the matter could not be cleared up.

Then my secretary returned, saying that the woman in charge of the Justo-writer machine, on which the letters for the Secretary's signature were to be typed, wouldn't let it be used without having an appropriation number to which the cost could be charged. An administrative officer in our bureau, to whom my secretary had gone, refused to give her a bureau appropriation number, because he felt that the job should be charged to the Secretary's office, not to our bureau. Only Mr. Paschke could break the impasse. I called him, but he was out at a meeting.

By then it was time for lunch.

THE first phone call after lunch was another personal call for my secretary, who had gone out to lunch herself.

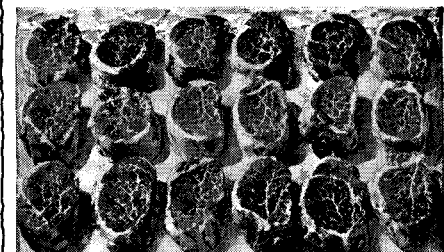
The next was from Amy Shannon, who was making a survey for somebody who wanted to determine whether members of the Department staff had been attending any conferences, courses, or seminars during 1963 to improve ourselves. I gave her an appropriate answer. At this point, an old friend from Turkey dropped in unexpectedly.

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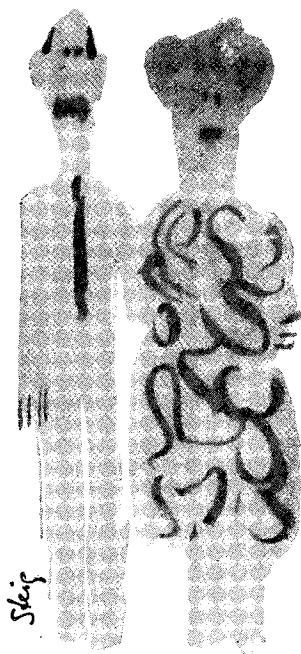


After chatting awhile, we went down for coffee to celebrate the reunion.

My first phone call upon returning to the office was a personal call for my secretary, who herself had gone down for coffee. What was left of the afternoon was spent reading the day's "traffic"—the term for the inward flow of papers that reaches rush-hour proportions around five o'clock each day.

At the close of business every Wednesday, we must all submit activity reports covering the week that will end the following Friday. It may seem odd that this is done on Wednesdays, but the Under-Secretary has to submit to the Secretary a weekly report compiled from the weekly reports of the bureau chiefs, which are compiled from the weekly reports of the office chiefs, which are compiled from the weekly reports of the division chiefs, which are compiled from our weekly reports. Unless we get the whole business off to a good head start, the Under-Secretary cannot get his report in on time and will be reprimanded by the Secretary and, in turn, will reprimand, et cetera.

THE office working day ended at five-thirty, but more work was waiting at home. I had to read a translation of an article from the Peking magazine *Red Flag* entitled "More on the Differences Between Comrade Togliatti and Us—Some Important Problems of Leninism in the Contemporary World." The article had lain on my desk for a month, until it became clear that I would never read it at the office. I had taken it home on Tuesday evening, but, after going through seventy-five pages, had been able to take no



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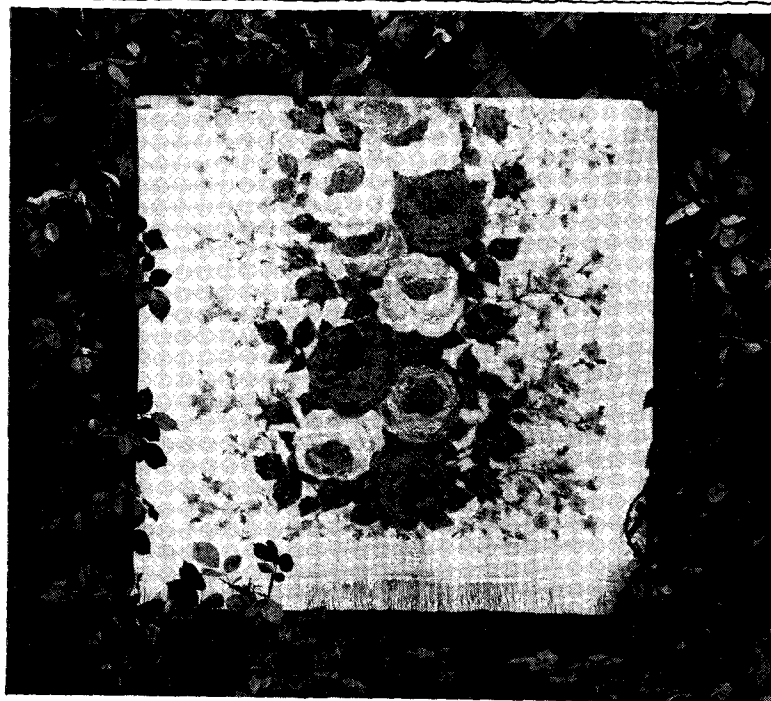
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more. So it was still there at home, waiting to be finished on Wednesday. By the time that got done, it was too late to start anything else but too early to go to bed, and I got to thinking about Ivan Denisovich. I thought that if only I had the skill of Solzhenitsyn, I could make my life sound interesting and grim—though it really is a better life than Ivan's in some respects.

—JAMES HOOVER

PRESS RELEASES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[News release from the Hamlet Revisited Company, 259 West Twelfth Street]

THUNDER STORM HELPS HAMLET REVISITED

In the July 20th performance of SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET: REVISITED at the Terrain Gallery, there was dramatic assistance from the outside world, particularly the meteorological world.

As towards the end of the play, "Now cracks a noble heart" was said by Horatio, the sky, answering the longings of many people, cracked beneficently, and there was thunder and rain.

The thunder and rain hinted that the world was somewhat caring, and the purpose of the Hamlet Revisited Company is to tell people that there is much to care for in what Hamlet died for, and how he died.

And, with beneficent contradictoriness, when Horatio talked of "flights of angels," there was noise sent towards earth from loftiness; and the most contradictory thing of all was the greeting of Hamlet's line, "The rest is silence" with great loudness and great flowingness from where things are higher.

The Hamlet Revisited Company takes this as a good token for understanding of what it is doing. The Company hopes there will be understanding here on earth, on pavements, in streets, and in offices. The hopeful Company still consists, as in the beginning, of Ted van Griethuysen, Anne Fielding, and Rebecca Thompson. And, SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET: REVISITED is by Eli Siegel.

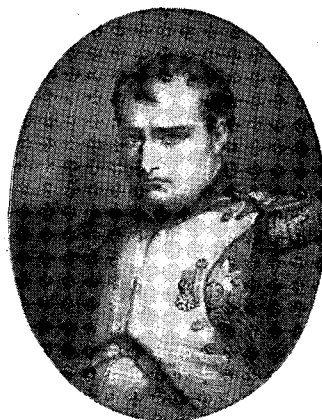
N.B. Later, Anne Fielding of the Company said she *did* feel the whole world was crying.

Those wishing to invest in a budgerigar or a parrot, a mynah or a cockatoo, will find all the problems and delights in store for them set out in *Talking Birds*, by Maxwell Knight (Bell, 10s. 6d.). The author ranges from the selection and buying of a bird to a chapter on taming and talking, with plenty of instruction on cages, aviaries and feeding. If the owner of a talking bird is lucky, and protects his charge from such ailments as French moult, he may have a pet that will utter such expressions as "Bonjour, chérie," or "Shut that damned door!" Mr. Knight ends his book with a warning that ability to talk does not imply intelligence.

—Country Life, London.

Doesn't preclude it, either.

JOSEPHINE



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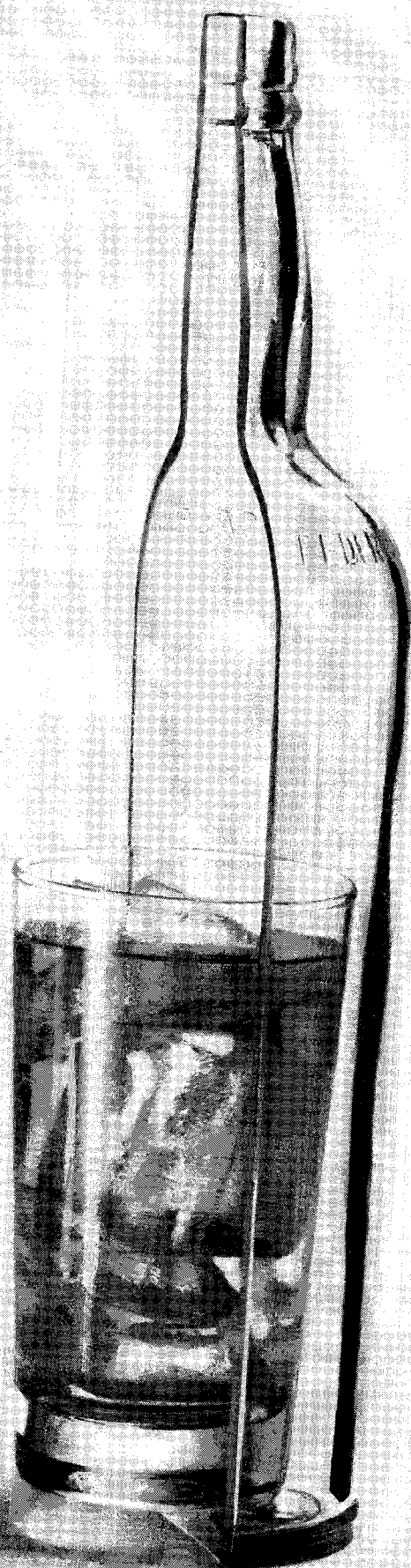
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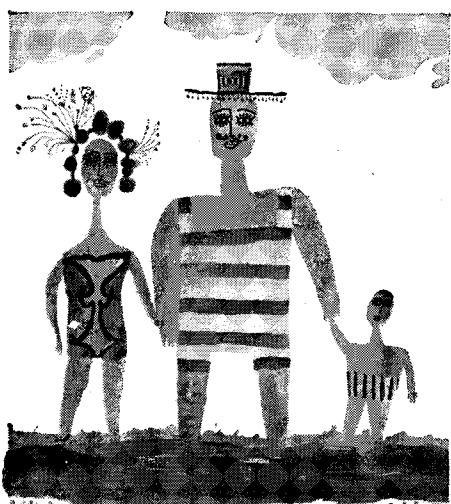
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MUSICAL EVENTS

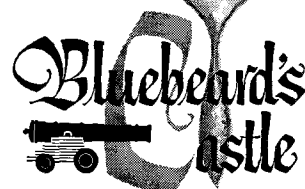
Jazz Concerts



THE term "mainstream" was coined seven or eight years ago by the English jazz reviewer Stanley Dance to describe the big- and small-band jazz played between the collapse of the Chicago school (the early thirties) and the birth of bebop (the early forties). It was, in truth, merely a flossy synonym for "swing." But it caught on quickly, and soon the terminologists had expanded it to its absolute limits; mainstream jazz now suggests the steady, hall-of-fame flow of all good jazz, from King Oliver to the present. This flow erases barriers and boundaries and it supports a bustling fleet. Moving as brave as galleons up or down the stream (the principal direction of its traffic is not yet clear) are both the dead and the living. One notices the dead first—Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton and Bix Beiderbecke and Sidney Catlett and Lester Young and Charlie Parker. The living are bolder and brighter, and among the biggest are Armstrong and Teagarden and Pee Wee Russell and Jo Jones and Coleman Hawkins and Gillespie and Basie and Ellington and Monk and Mingus. Small boats occasionally shove off from the shore and, after tentatively circling the larger vessels, are gradually swept by the current into the channel; there we recognize Gerry Mulligan and Art Farmer and Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins and, though still drawing little water, Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor. Regrettably, the banks and tributaries of the mainstream are (to hopefully exhaust the metaphor) strewn with wreckage—musicians who have sunk or run aground or been carried up side streams, because of navigational errors or because of the winds of fashion. One of the unsinkable craft, though, is Ben Webster, and another—a kind of ship's tender—is Budd Johnson. Both of them were under full sail last week at Philharmonic Hall.

Webster, with his beak nose and lidded gaze and regal, open-fan shape, has even begun to look like a ship. Unlike many jazz musicians, Webster, a tenor saxophonist, is not especially erratic; he simply fluctuates between the excellent and the superb. The other night he was, in the main, excellent.

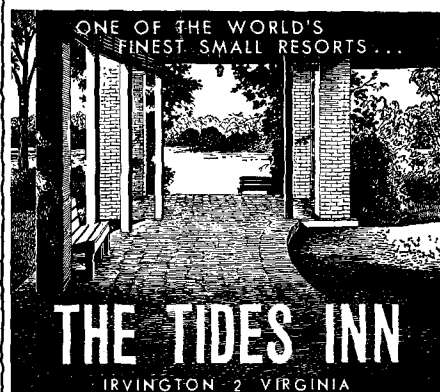
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The more-than-excellent exceptions were his slow, enfolding renditions of "Our Love Is Here to Stay," "My Romance," and "Danny Boy." Webster *plumbed* each of these numbers by first stating the melody, improvising on it for a chorus, and then briefly restating it. His cathedral tone and almost arrogant aplomb magnify whatever melodic grace such materials possess, and it does not matter if certain of his figures—the upward smears, the whispered vibratos, the descending, end-of-chorus tremolos—are by rote. He coasted through the rest of his program, which included Monk's "Straight, No Chaser," Gillespie's "Night in Tunisia," and Ellington's "Cotton Tail," "Jeep Is Jumpin'," and "C-Jam Blues," and he frequently emblazoned his solos with growling, a chest-out device he uses to make a little sound like a lot. His accompanists—Dave Frishberg, a puzzled, who's-got-the-ball pianist; Art Davis, an adequate bassist; and Mel Lewis, a bland drummer—had to be towed throughout.

Budd Johnson, a fifty-two-year-old arranger and saxophonist (soprano, alto, tenor, and baritone), has spent much of the past twenty years as a stylistic catalyst between swing and bebop, and as a result he has no style of his own. During his thirteen numbers, played along with three trombonists (Melba Liston, Jimmy Cleveland, and Quentin Jackson) and a rhythm section, he reflected Coleman Hawkins, Al Sears, Johnny Hodges, Webster, Lester Young, Stan Getz, and Charlie Parker. He reflected them, however, with passion, particularly in his half-dozen choruses (tenor saxophone) in a fast blues called "Touchdown." The arrangements, mostly by Miss Liston and Johnson, were generally handsome, and so were the trombone solos. Cleveland demonstrated that he has freed himself of his multi-note tendencies, and Miss Liston was affecting, in a halting, I-know-I-can-do-it way, in a slow ballad of her own.

The sound in Philharmonic Hall was poor; fast numbers echoed and slow ones were mushy. Moreover, the funeral-parlor lighting—soft and murky during ballads and false-dawn during faster numbers—was impertinent; no music hall should attempt to dictate its patrons' moods.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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—Headline in the Los Angeles Times.
It's just as well.

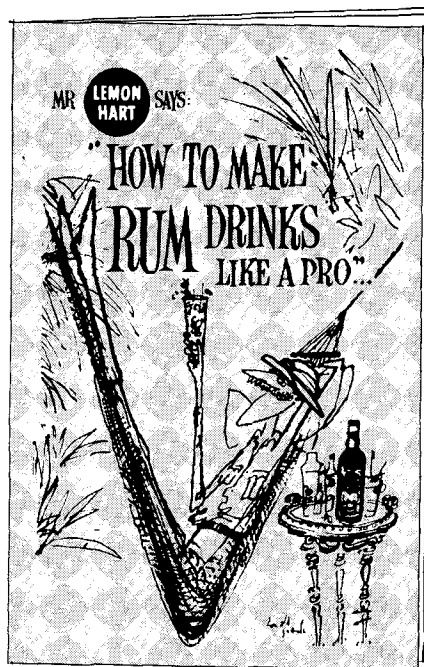


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BOOKS

Much Ado

ONLY a very harsh critic, I think, could fail to be charmed by Leslie Fiedler's "The Second Stone" (Stein & Day). The novel stands well apart from the ruck of fiction that is written for the general public, or for posterity, or in response to an author's obsessive personal vision. This novel was written for reviewers. Every incident is neatly ticketed with its literary significance, and each character is furnished with a little handle by which the busy critic may grasp him and hold him up to the light, and shake him to hear how he rattles. Moreover, Mr. Fiedler has prudently sought to appear outrageous, so that the reviewer is given every opportunity to register shock at the squalor of the author's preoccupations or else to hail and defend him as a fearless pioneer of the frank and explicit. At the same time, Mr. Fiedler never strays so far from the literary fashions of the times as to awaken an uneasy suspicion that anything really new and difficult is being said. It is good to find an author so thoughtful.

"At first Hilda, one hand pressed against the wall, had only retched," the novel unforgettably begins. "Then she had leaned across the railing to puke." Hilda is in the vaults of a Capuchin church in Rome, the walls of which are garnished with the bones of dismantled monks. She has been conducted there by an American expatriate writer named Clem, who is the hero of the novel and volubly scornful of such conspicuous flaws in American civilization as Kleenex, Cheerios, and Maiden-form Bras. He is also the boyhood friend of Hilda's husband, Rabbi Mark Stone, whom he hates. "Anglosaxon, go home!" he shouts in the vaults. "Hilda, go home!" She counters this rebuff, successfully if oddly, by singing, "Oh, shut up, shut up, shut up!" and pointing

out that "I don't smell like Hilda any more. I don't even smell like an Anglo-saxon, do I, Clem? Do I?" She offers herself. "Well, *smell* me!" Love is awakened, for "her smell that assailed him as he leaned forward, made him all at once dizzy; and he almost reeled between nausea and desire." Humanly speaking, this duplex response is incredible, since real nausea would simply cancel all thoughts of romance, but literarily the juxtaposition is as fancy a conceit as one could wish for, and strikes a good, squalid, contemporary note. Hilda's conquest of Clem is complete when he discovers that she is four months pregnant, for that greatly increases the literary possibilities of their relationship, and Clem, like all the other characters in the book, is all but self-annihilating in his solicitude for the author's effects.

These effects, by and large, are marked by a cloudy grandeur of implication, the characters functioning chiefly as pointers to indicate where, cosmically speaking, the author has got to. Hilda proves to be a grand girl for this sort of work, and will not so much as descend a flight of stairs without first discovering a portentous meaning in the act—"To go down is to die, Clem, to die." Her husband is also a highly gifted performer of metaphysical char-

rades: "And so he beat his wife on head and shoulders with a rolled-up copy of [a magazine called] *Thou*, unable to stop stuttering, 'I—I—I—I.'" From which a player of *The Game* will have no difficulty in abstracting the I-Thou relationship of Martin Buber. The reviewer's thankfulness for these neatly wrapped little meanings can only increase when he reflects upon the strenuous and unnatural exertions of the characters that make it all possible. For minor example, Clem pursues Hilda into a compartment of a revolving door. Sensing that he has come upon a very pretty symbol of futility, he begins trundling Hilda round and round at ever-increasing speeds, an act that would never occur to a lesser character, who would simply dismiss it as a doubtful means of seducing a reluctant woman. Let us leave the couple to their acceleration for a moment and observe a supernumerary crew of American tourists, which includes "two old ladies with blued hair who stood tapping the glass sides of the cage in which Clem and Hilda whirled." They are reported to be piping, "Come out of there immediately. Immediately. Immediately." Very well. "Behind them, two portly gents in seersucker, pink enough for Senators, roared a counterpoint, 'Now



Photographed by Farrell Grehan, en route to Europe aboard a happy ship of the Holland-America Line



Can kids keep busy aboard Holland-America? Ask Mrs. Limbach.

Alma Limbach isn't in this picture but three of her four active youngsters are. They all traveled to Europe recently on one of our ships. Was it a pleasant trip? Let's let Mrs. Limbach answer the question.

"Traveling alone with four children isn't the easiest job in the world, but I must say that the Holland-America people made it practically painless," she said. "There is so much for them to see and do."

"As for me," she continued, "I've just closed one house

and I'm faced with the prospect of finding another and the rest is exactly what I need."

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what the hell. Now what the hell.' ” Returning to our compartment in the whizzing door, we find that the audible consequence of this chorus, on each circuit of the dashing pair, is “ ‘Hell . . . immediately,’ the mingled voices cried, ‘Hell . . . immediately.’ ” Not, it should be noted, an insignificant “There . . . now” or “Come . . . what,” but only “ ‘Hell . . . immediately,’ ” with never a mistake in timing, despite the increasing tempo of rotation. Even this triumph of coördination pales when viewed against the final miracle of the “trembling doorposts, beside each of which the identical terrified face of an old lady showed, red, white, and blue as Old Glory itself.” The colors, one trusts, were laid on in stripes.

Such scenes are so earnestly significant, so permeated with a sense of their own importance, that they appear to be not a species of fiction but a kind of animated literary criticism. It is well that the author descends from such intensities, from time to time, for more spacious discussions of intellectual matters. Mark is the chairman of an international conference on Love that is proceeding in Rome, with maximum irony, even as Clem is bent upon cuckolding the chairman. The participants are intellectuals of international celebrity, whom Mr. Fiedler satirizes to such effect that the meanest intelligence can perceive their stupidity. Because of this absence of mentality, the discussions are not at all interesting, but that is no disadvantage, for the reviewer is free to devote his wandering thoughts to the dainty question of precisely which persons, living or dead, no resemblance is intended to.

Clem at length succeeds in seducing Hilda, and the chronicle of their rapture, while lengthy, specific, and unattractive, is the weak point of the novel. To be sure, a great deal is made of armpits and toilets, and it is likewise true that neither party really seems to have much fun, but these things have become the commonplaces of literary sex, and one feels that if Mr. Fiedler does not retard, neither does he greatly advance the grand march of the grubby. Perhaps Clem shares a little of this dissatisfaction, for when Hilda places a hand over his mouth, and he tastes it, and discovers “only the non-taste of store bread, white and puffy, only the non-taste of America,” he thinks wistfully of his own abandoned wife, Selma, who, as the author is at pains to point out, really smelled. Eventually, Clem decides to return to his gamy spouse and his native land, although he is keenly aware

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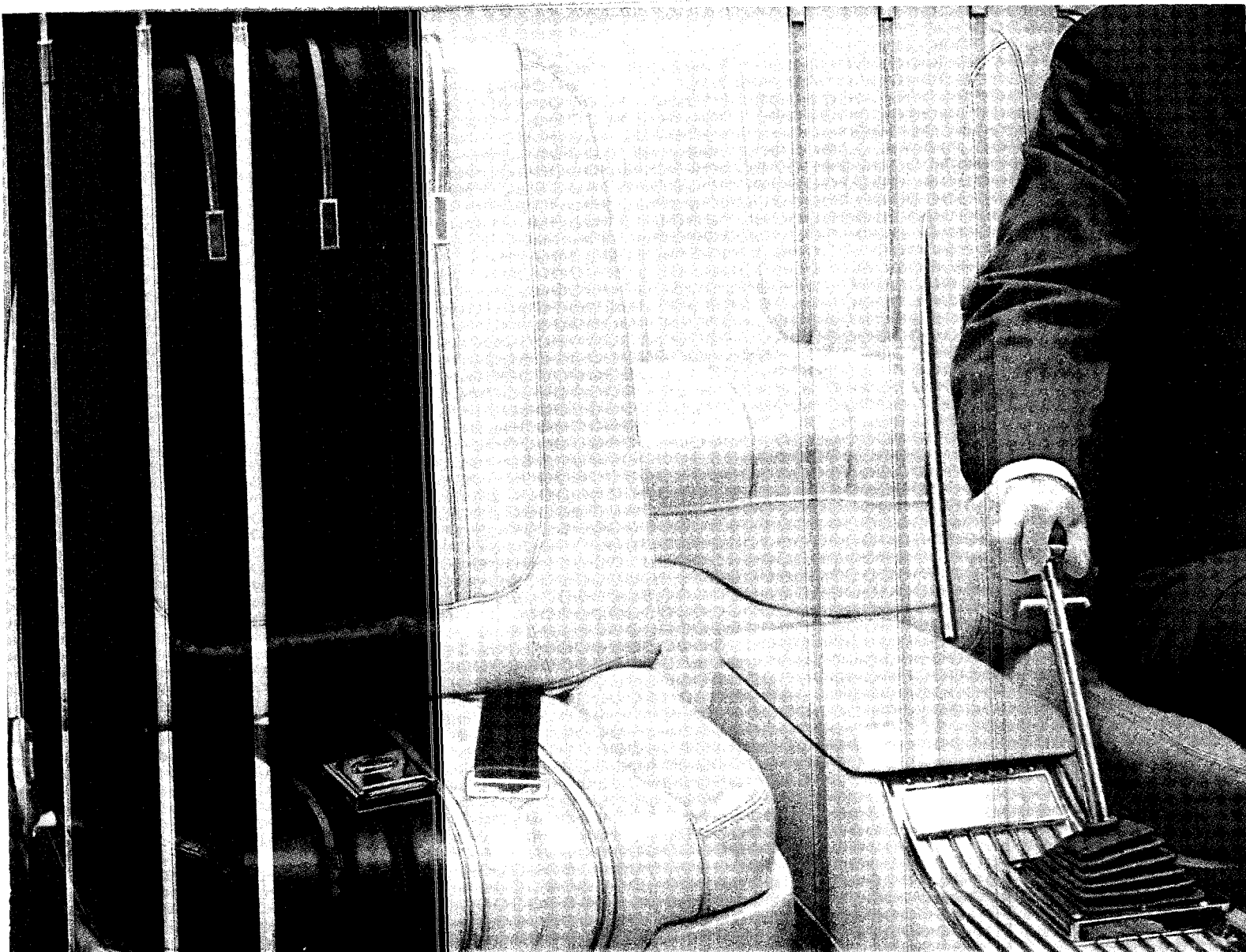
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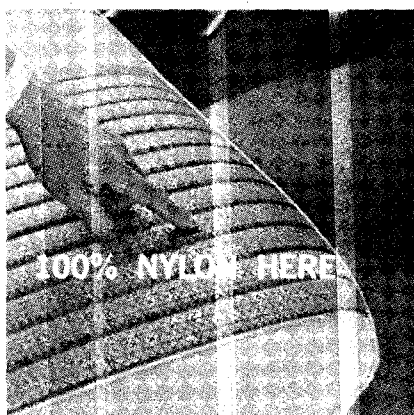
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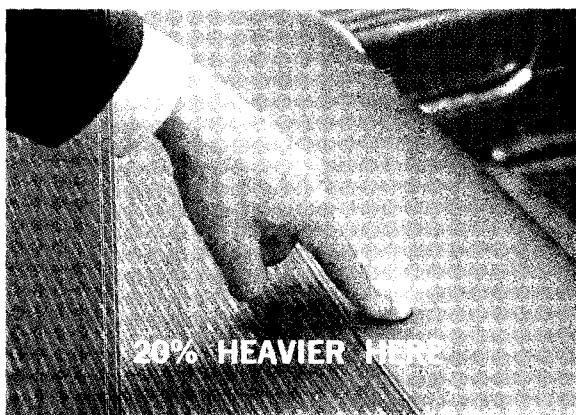
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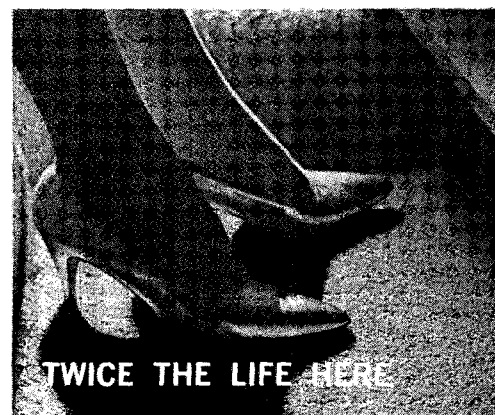
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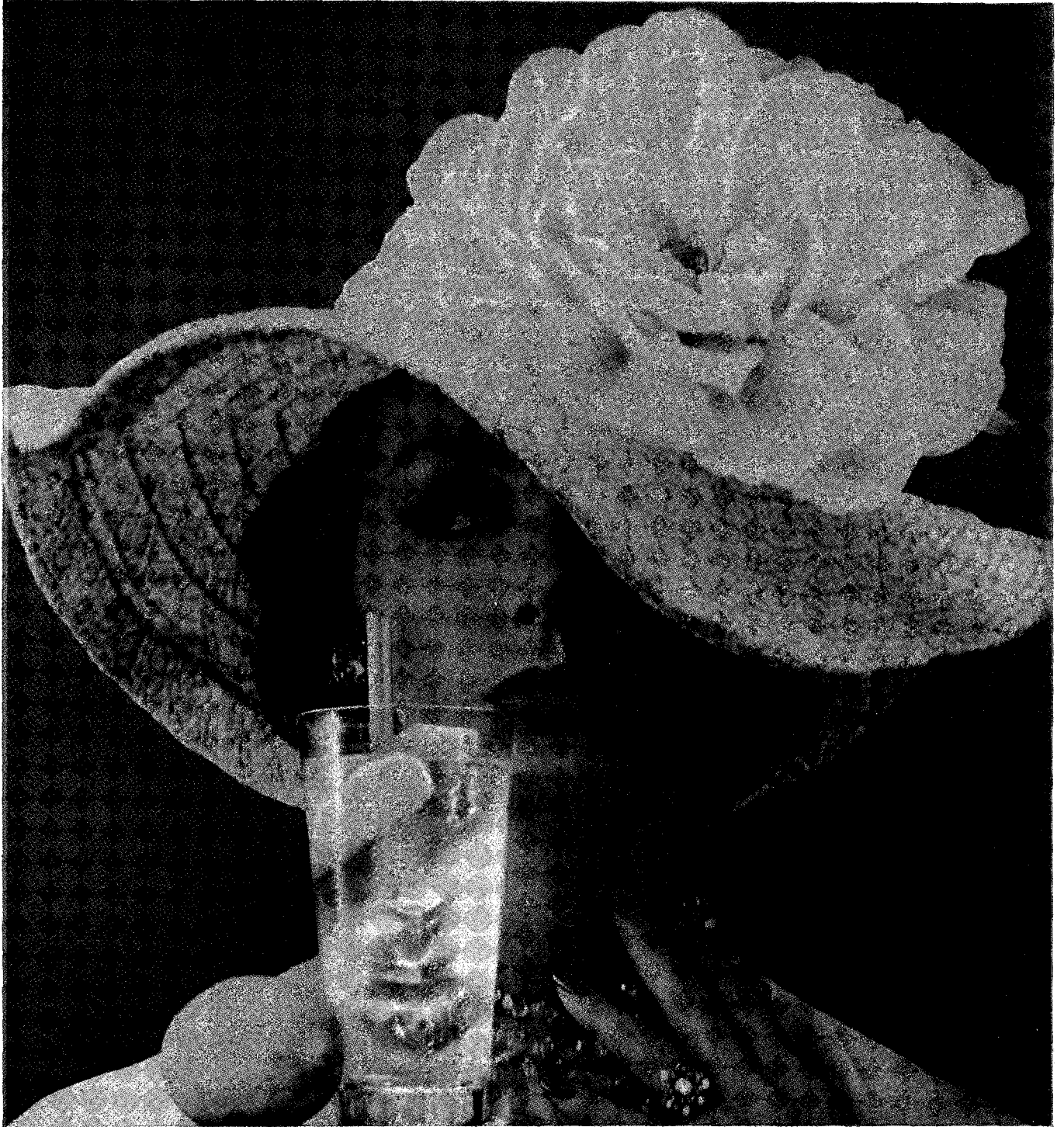
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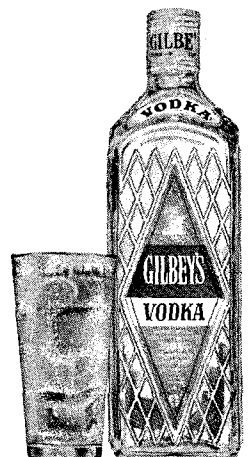
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of the tragic failure of the American Dream that is represented by commercial bakeries, paper tissues, and garbage-disposal units. He also determines to preserve his Roman interlude forever in the crystal of literary art by means of a novel whose first line, curiously, is "At first Hilda, one hand pressed against the wall, had only retched."

In awarding the authorship of the novel to his protagonist, Mr. Fiedler is only rendering Clem his due, for no character is more indefatigable in his production of literary references and effects. He reveals that both he and his boyhood friend, by a remarkable coincidence, are actually named Mark Stone, and that Clem is a name he adopted to indicate that he is Mark the Second, otherwise Mark *Twain*, otherwise Samuel Langhorne *Clemens*. With the aid of this coincidence, he contrives to demonstrate, to his perfect satisfaction, that he is the real father, by a mystery downright Biblical, of his friend's impending child. He also proves, by arguments equally persuasive, that he in truth is his synonymous friend. After that, it is but the work of a moment to show that whereas in mere fact his friend is Jewish and he himself is Gentile, a deeper thought reveals it to be just the other way around. To bunch these discoveries and tamp them down, he joins an anti-American riot, and seeks to pelt his friend with the *second stone* that is thrown, simultaneously and economically allowing the reader a side glance at Christ and the woman taken in *adultery*, inasmuch as the hurler of the *first stone* was requested to be free from sin.

All this is most welcome to the reviewer, who sees a chance at last to employ those weighty and sonorous phrases that are the chief ornament of his trade and that are so seldom applicable to a real work of fiction. "The quest for identity *qua* identity circumscribing the mythic and thematic core," he might say. "The stone as an autonomous aesthetic object nevertheless, by a reflexive function and on a conscious level, directly involving humanity in the nightmare of history," he might say. He might even say "*Zeitgeist*."

But these twinkling visions do not endure, for the critic's old friend and companion, the common reader, has begun to stir and mutter in his corner. Now he rises, poor booby, his broad face gleaming in the sweat of his struggles with these high concerns, and thus he speaks: "Sir, to my mind there is a difference between the pleasures of reading and the pleasures, if any, of taking

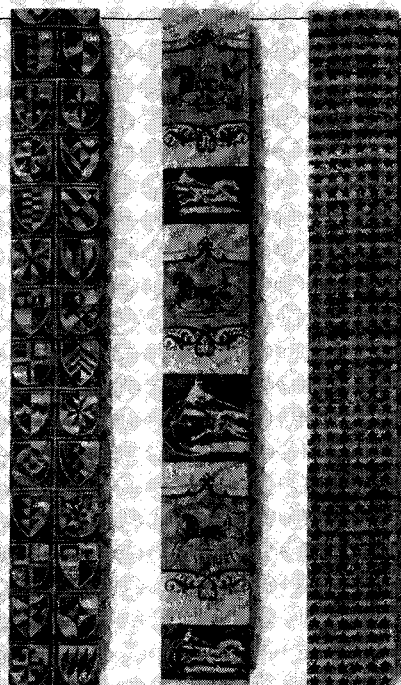


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inventory. No doubt a critic can extract from the novel all the things that you have named, and more besides, but what do these things accomplish *in* the novel? Nothing whatever that I can discover. The book does not contain one persuasive scene, and the characters are simply inconceivable. In spite of this, I might have enjoyed the book as I relish, say, the novels of Thomas Love Peacock, if only the talk had been good and the speakers intelligent. Not one of them, however, has the minimal wit to know when it is necessary to distinguish among ideas, and when it is possible to connect them, so that they are perpetually offering as genuine paradoxes what are in fact only stupidities. Let me return to you one of your own instances. Clem claims to be the 'real' Jew because he has lived in 'exile' and in 'terror.' Consider how that statement must strike those Jews who have known genuine terror and exile, to say nothing of other people who have endured those conditions without being, or wishing to be, regarded as Jews, and to say still less than nothing of any detached person who gives the matter a moment's thought. What is Clem's terror? It is nowhere in evidence. What is his exile? Nothing more than his own conscious choice to leave his country. And why does he leave? Not because of any of the considerable national shortcomings, apparently, but for no better visible reason than that he is offended by his countrymen's use of things like kitchen gadgets and tissues. Doubtless there are words to describe men who take a high moral tone over the unimportant, and entirely private, choices of their neighbors, but I cannot believe that 'exile' is one of them, nor is 'thinker,' nor is 'artist.' In arrogating to his trivial self the sufferings of others, in striking little poses among matters of genuine substance, Clem—like his colleagues in the novel—resembles nothing so much as a conceited flea in a cloak, who imagines himself to be wearing what he actually is only infesting. Since the novel, then, fails as an imitation of life, and fails as an invitation to thought, I cannot conceive wherein its merit can be supposed to lie."

In reply to these rude remarks, criticism can only point out, coldly, their total irrelevance. As was clearly stated earlier, this novel was never really intended for the general public. It is, so to speak, a special literary cucumber, from which the reviewer may extract critical sunbeams. If the author is in any way at fault, it is for not making this sufficiently apparent on the cover. He

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might have borrowed a hint from those furniture dealers who sell only through decorators, and labelled his book thus: "The Second Stone (To the Trade)."

—DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

STATE OF POSSESSION, by Edith de Born (Knopf). Here we have the drab history of Elizabeth Vandernoot, a Belgian masseuse who lives in Brussels and devotes herself heart and soul to the education and upbringing of her fatherless son, Lionel. Lionel is twenty, a nice boy but not interesting enough to put the necessary color into this portentous examination of his mother's chief problem, which concerns him: there is a mystery surrounding his birth, and a strange rich Englishwoman has suddenly appeared and is claiming him as her own son. The investigation is conducted so stupidly that the claimant never even gets within shouting distance of Lionel, who, at the end of the work, is still a struggling student, unaware that the great opportunity of his life has come close to him and passed him by. The tone of the writing is unnaturally officious, and the characters are hardly more than animated figures who deliver their rehearsed speeches with almost perfect timing.

RISE UP IN ANGER, by Stefan Olivier, translated from the German by Sigrid Rock and Michael Roloff (Putnam). This novel by a former Nazi officer tells the story of an honest, compassionate, but not overly intelligent German soldier among the sadists, hypocrites, and thieves who are his countrymen. He is denounced by his corrupt superiors, sent to a Nazi concentration camp, released for military service in the closing days of the war, captured by the Russians, sent to another concentration camp, and released again, to become a successful businessman obsessed with the desire for revenge upon those who originally denounced him. The novel combines ingredients of Kafka and Koestler with elements of the detective story.

EARLY SUMMER, by Anna Sevier (Atheneum). The heroine and narrator of this short first novel, a twenty-year-old Virginia girl named Grey Anderson, informs us, as she rides on the train from Paris to Cannes, that her parents weren't sure they should let her spend four days alone on the

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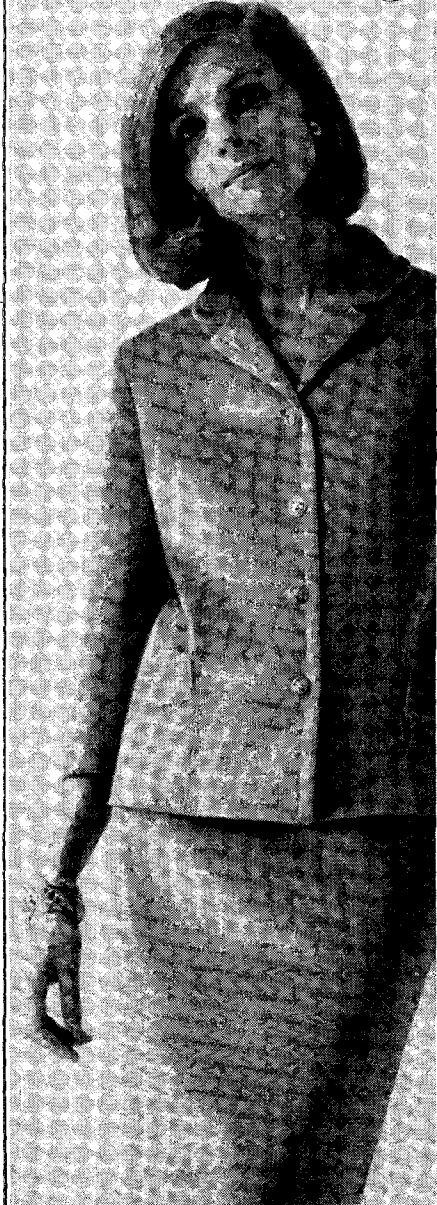
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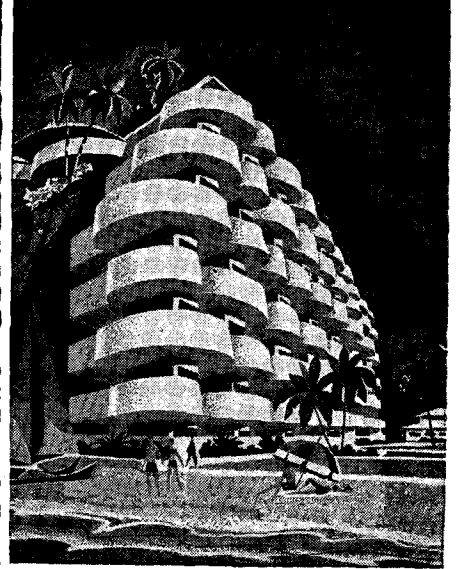
Riviera as her way of saying farewell to France. The rest of the novel goes to show how right they were. Terribly overwritten.

GENERAL

THE NUN OF MONZA, by Mario Mazzucchelli, translated from the Italian by Evelyn Gendel (Simon & Schuster). Stendhal would have liked this book, which is so like one of the chronicles of passion and action in sixteenth-century Italy that he translated and adapted. He could not have known this story, because the materials—were sealed up by the Archbishop of Milan three hundred-odd years ago and only recently opened for Mr. Mazzucchelli. The book's heroine, or villainess, Marianna de Leyva, was a child of the Spanish-Italian nobility who had been dumped into the convent at Monza, near Milan, in her teens, so that her family could keep most of her property. (Convents required smaller dowries than husbands did.) She was seduced by a local squire who wanted the thrill of conquering a nun and noblewoman. Neither foresaw their long affair—he wanted a quick triumph, and she didn't mean to break her vow—but they found themselves victims of a passion of more than operatic dimensions, which dominated their lives, corrupted the convent, and led them to commit murder before they were discovered. Mr. Mazzucchelli doesn't pretend they were likable—she was arrogant and he was ferocious—but they were tragic. The scale, variety, and energy of their feelings, brilliantly recalled to life by the author, are awesome.

FORD: DECLINE AND REBIRTH, 1933-62, by Allan Nevins and Frank Ernest Hill (Scribners). The third and final volume of the authors' enormous history of the Ford Motor Company, in which can be discerned several elements of classical drama—an aging and ultimately senile king (Henry Ford), tenacious of his immense power to the end; a pensive and pallid prince (Edsel Ford), frustrated at every turn by his father; and a ruthless, Iago-like courtier (Harry Bennett), who surrounds himself and the king with a palace clique, drives out the men of talent and probity, and conspires to take over the kingdom for himself. This drama is played out against depression, labor unrest, and war, and the authors make it clear that it very nearly ended in tragedy;

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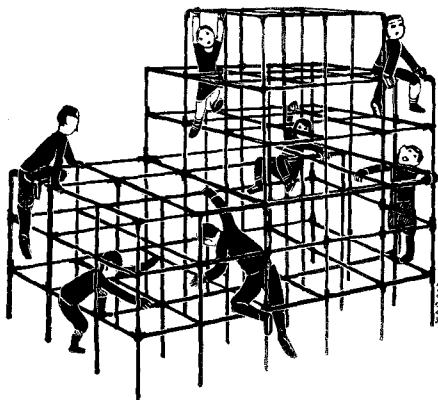
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A MAN MUST CHOOSE, by Eric Chou (Knopf). This narrative, the memoir of a Chinese newspaperman who underwent "thought remolding" (brainwashing), survived it, and escaped, is a rare sort of book: it manages to convey the feel of a strange experience so well that the reader's emotions are educated. Mr. Chou describes himself as a lighthearted, fast-writing, high-living newspaperman who worked in Hong Kong after the war for a newspaper controlled from Peking, and who, though he didn't do much about it (he preferred the race track to political meetings), believed that the Communists were bettering China. In the fall of 1952, he accepted the suggestion of his superiors that he make a short tour back home, to see all the progress. This supposed journalist's junket was a trap. He was imprisoned and badgered until he invented, to the satisfaction of his interrogators, a nonexistent Eric Chou who had been an agent of the West, and then reformed this invention into the submissive Communist his jailers wanted. Mr. Chou's account of his feelings is always direct and striking, but never more so than when he writes of his astonishment at the demands of the police; he could not at first imagine, for instance, that his captors were really convinced that all the Westerners he had known were spies. Solitary confinement, filth, malnutrition, and anxiety did not, luckily, dim his creativity, and he composed his



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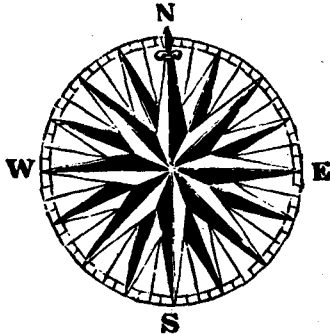
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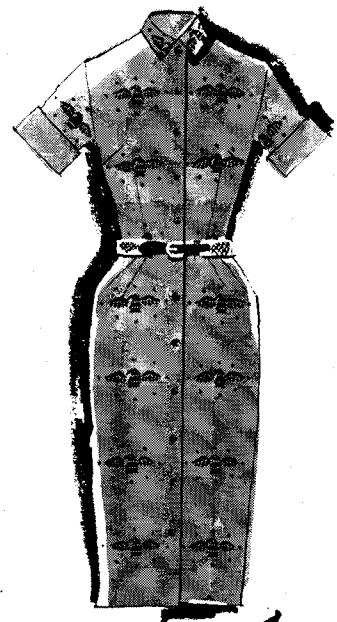
confessions as he had earlier composed novels. He did so well that after his release he was returned to Hong Kong, where he was to be a journalist and a Communist spy. Instead, he fled to England. Mr. Chou, while understanding what freedom is (he spent nearly four years in jail without a trial), is also sympathetic enough to understand that the Communists, as he says, "meant to do me good in their fanatic way." We have had (alas) plenty of exiles' stories and (again alas) plenty of reports on Communist China. This book is one of the best of both kinds.

THE RELUCTANT ART, by Benny Green (Horizon). Five long critical essays on Bix Beiderbecke, Benny Goodman, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and Billie Holiday that are pioneering in that they are by a jazz musician (English) who is also a jazz reviewer (the *Observer*). Mr. Green is given to pronouncements, some of them creditable ("It is not improvisation that matters to a jazz performance, but the preservation of its spirit") and some of them windy ("[Improvisation] is a responsibility demanding a degree of creative fertility which a high percentage of respected jazz musicians simply do not possess"). This windiness occasionally inflates his analyses, but those of Beiderbecke (a genius who accidentally ruined himself, and not a genius ground down by commercialism, which Mr. Green feels he rather respected) and of Benny Goodman ("He had the kind of nimble mind which can assimilate and correlate the climate of its own environment so well that in time its owner becomes symbolic of that period without necessarily having contributed anything very original towards it") are fresh, and those of Young, Parker, and Billie Holiday are always thoughtful.

OUT IN THE MID-DAY SUN, by Boris Gussman (Oxford). In this short work, an English sociologist describes the bad relations between the white settlers and the natives in Central Africa, explains their causes, and suggests that no organization smaller than the United Nations can mend matters. Englishmen experience "culture shock," Mr. Gussman says, when they find themselves living in a strange land under conditions that are sometimes worse (climate) and sometimes better (servants) than those they left behind. They become less flexible and less tolerant, and,

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throughout history, have behaved far worse than they would have at home. Moreover, the fact that black tribal culture is so strikingly different from European culture stands in the way of any understanding between settlers and those natives who keep to their old customs; as for the detribalized Africans, crowded into city slums, they have a pitiful, fragmented way of life and are ignorant and bitter to the point of violence. Gussman thinks that Central Africa, to survive, needs technically trained people, most of whom, for the time being, must still be European. Central Africa can't afford race war, though nobody is doing much to avert it; hence the urgency of his report. Gussman's what-must-be-done-now list is long, but he reminds us that it's too late to start "gradualism" tomorrow. A thoughtful look at a problem that is as much ours—the United States being the power it is—as anybody's.

THE AGE OF RECONNAISSANCE, by J. H. Parry (World). A marvellous history of the Europeans who between 1450 and 1650 overflowed their continent and streamed out across the oceans to trade with, plunder, or settle the rest of the world. Dr. Parry uses his formidable learning to delightfully impressive effect; before a Portuguese caravel drops its anchor in, say, 1480, the reader has been told what that anchor looked like, how big it was, and just how it was weighed. Dr. Parry keeps track of the interaction of pure science and practical technology that made discovery possible, as it has made possible the development of the West ever since, and is most enlightening about the political inventions that running colonies required—civil services, for example. Yet, conscientiously seeing things both large and little, he never loses track of the wonder of his story.

VERSE

THE ANATHEMATA, by David Jones (Chilmark). American readers have had to wait for the publication here of the work of David Jones. His first book, "In Parenthesis," with an introductory note by T. S. Eliot, appeared in London in 1937 but was not published in New York until 1962, and the current long poem, "reshuffled and again rewritten intermittently between 1946 and 1951," has now reached America eleven years after its first British

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printing. David Jones (born in 1895, of Anglo-Welsh parents), veteran of the 1914-18 war (Royal Welch Fusiliers), poet, engraver, watercolorist, and Roman Catholic convert, has accumulated high and even reverent praise from Eliot, W. H. Auden, the late Edwin Muir, and others. "In Parenthesis" combined a kind of war diary with a real and imagined past; the present "fragments of an attempted writing" reveal Jones' ardent desire to uncover and restore sacred signs and symbols to a time and a society that have lost the sense of living myth through negation and neglect. Jones has inherited, in a pure form, the Celtic religious temperament once so active in history, and this inheritance is reinforced by his unremitting scholarly drive. He feels that his poem need not be finally impenetrable to a reader who, not frightened by "mystery," is willing to read it slowly and aloud. And it is true that in spite of this poet's plunges into the darkness of legend and the twilight of chronicle, of his liking for archaic words and circuitous syntax, of his finical glosses and occasional echoing of late-period Joyce, certain passages of haunting beauty and power come through. The book is finely produced (in format, it matches the earlier "In Parenthesis"), with nine pages of halftone illustrations of Jones' drawings and inscriptions.

11:20—2-Movie: "The Spirit of St. Louis." The film of Charles A. Lindbergh's famous non-stop flight across the Atlantic with James Stewart in the title role.—TV program in *Newsday*.
Who plays Lindbergh?

In the last two weeks of swift diplomacy, however, there has been hardly a word from these opponents or their customary supporters on Capitol Hill. "Responsibility until the facts are in" is the keynote of Senators closest to the military and scientific establishments.—Max Frankel in the *Times*.

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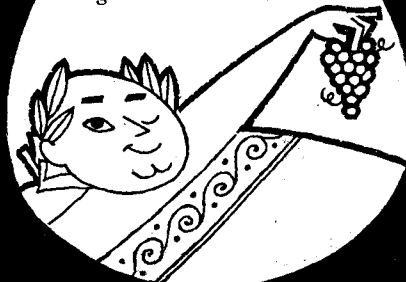
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